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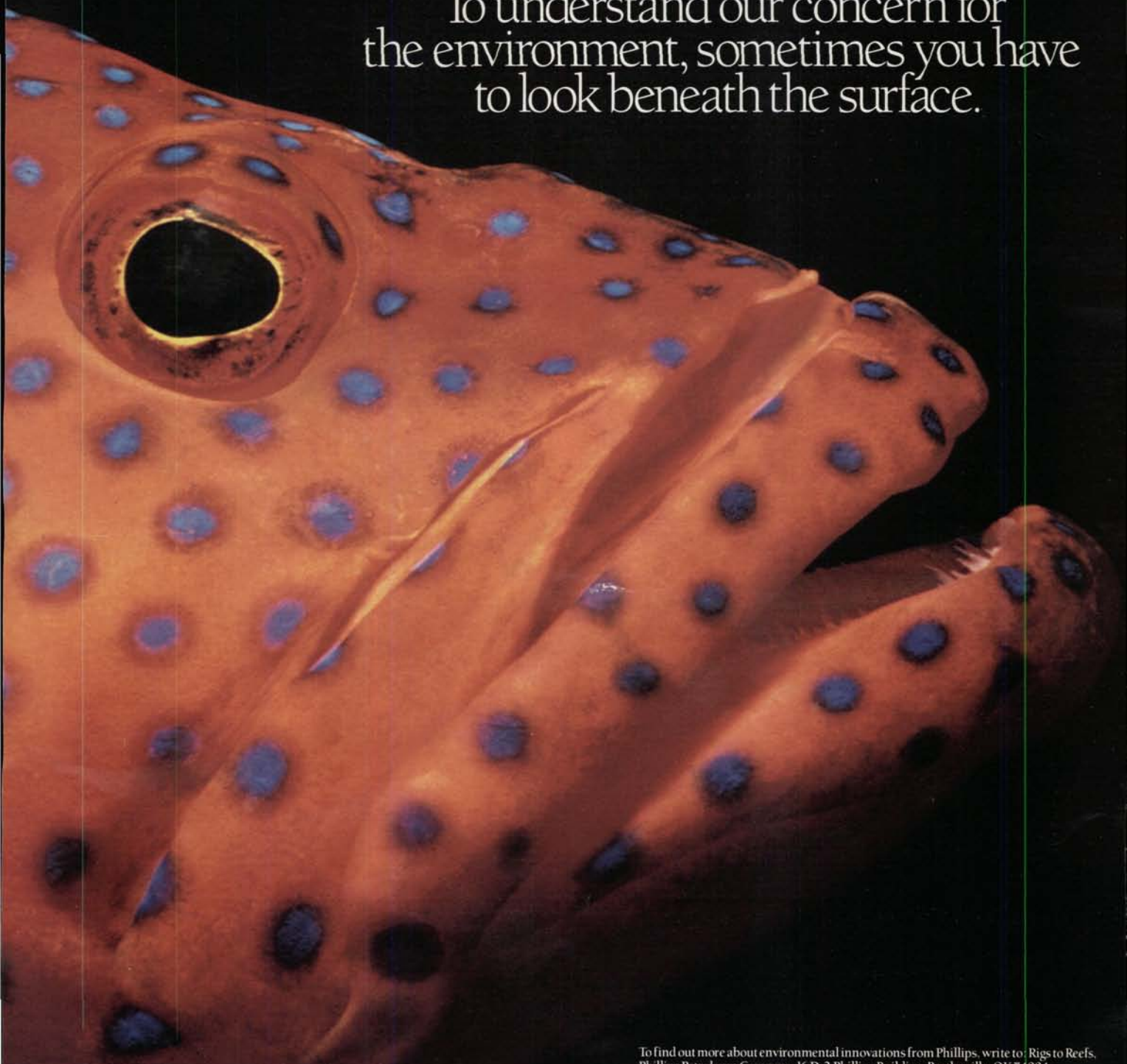

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NATIONAL REVIEW

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Cover illustration by Roman Genn

The Audit Bureau

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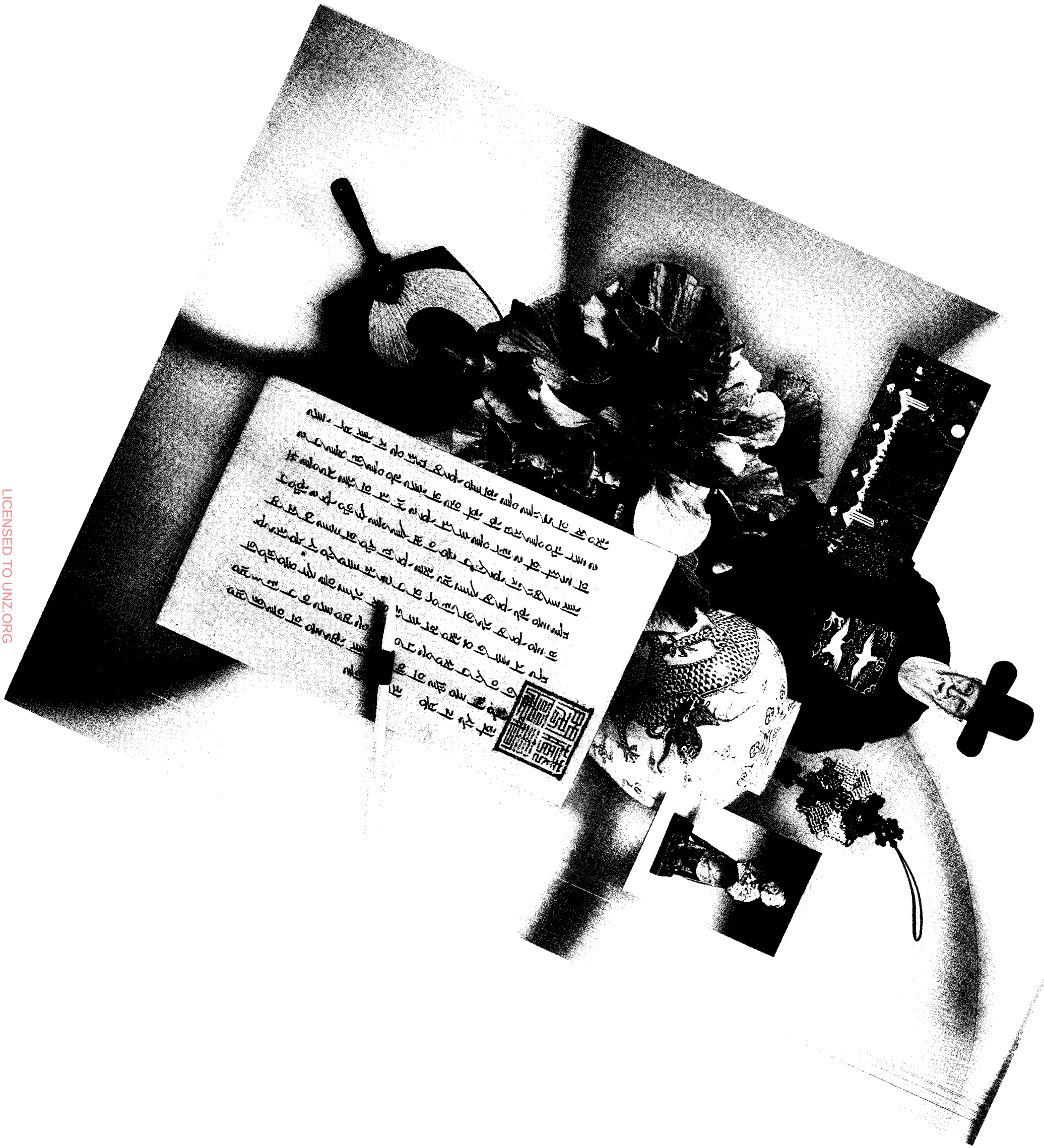

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LETTERS

The Mathematics of Immigration

George Borjas makes several crucial errors of interpretation regarding my study for Carrying Capacity Network ["Tired, Poor, on Welfare," Dec. 13]. For example, he characterizes my argument as follows: "Huddle calculates that immigrants pay less in *total* taxes than they take out of the welfare system," and then says my estimate of costs seems too high. But there are in total 22 categories of federal and state services for legal immigrants and 14 categories for illegal immigrants, including county-government services and costs. By singling out welfare, Mr. Borjas ignores what are the largest expenditure categories, namely primary and secondary education, and health care.

A second example: he claims that my study "assumes that immigrants pay only about 7 per cent of their income in total taxes (less than the California sales tax alone!)." But the study required that taxes dedicated to funding specific programs be excluded. For instance, Social Security taxes were excluded for the reason that, at least in theory, they are dedicated moneys. (Social Security expenditures to immigrants were not included in the study of Los Angeles County, and current national figures were not known at the time.)

Did the exclusion of these taxes, as Mr. Borjas suggests, bias the results of my study so as to inflate the net costs of immigration? I think not. A subsequent study of immigrants and Social Security by myself and David Simcox revealed that immigrants currently incur a Social Security account deficit of more than $2.5 billion annually. Likewise, expenditures on highway maintenance, construction, and operating costs allocable to immigrants exceed by a wide margin the taxes paid by them both in Los Angeles County and nationally.

In short, I neither underestimated the tax revenue paid by immigrants, nor overestimated the costs of the services they consume. If my study were redrawn along lines congenial to Professor Borjas, the results would not show immigrants placing a lower net burden on the taxpayer.

Professor Borjas also takes issue with my finding that for each six immigrants one native-born member of the labor force is displaced *and* joins the welfare rolls.

Who is right? My own field research, beginning with my analysis of displacement during the INS raids in 1982, indicated that for each 100 illegal immigrants holding jobs, more than 42 native-born workers were displaced. Thus, the displacement rate exceeded 42 per cent. In metropolitan Houston, three subsequent field studies between 1982 and 1990 revealed net displacement rates of between 24 per cent and 67 per cent, depending upon the phase of the business cycle.

Fortunately, it is no longer just a question of my studies versus those who challenge them. A series of econometric studies over the past several years has verified my own findings on displacement. For example, in 1991, Joseph Altonji and David Card published findings from 120 Standard Metropolitan Statistical Areas (SMSAs) which indicated that new immigrants are displacing large numbers of unskilled workers, both native born and older immigrants.

As Card and Altonji say of figures for 1970: "The results imply that a 10-percentage-point increase in the fraction of immigrants in an SMSA would lead to a reduction in the employment/population ratio of less-skilled natives of roughly 2 per cent. The employment rate would also fall by 1 per cent." Card and Altonji's 1980 cross-section results also showed significant negative effects of immigration, but less high than in 1970 and expressed not in displacement but in lower wages for less-skilled native-born workers. Finally, a July 1992 article in *Economic Geography* concluded that for every seven immigrants a job is lost by one native-born blue-collar worker.

Why weren't researchers finding these results much earlier? Many actually did at the industry level. But at the national level econometric models were unspecific—they did not focus on unskilled blue-collar workers in specifically targeted geographic areas. By casting too wide a net they washed out the true displacement effects on the unskilled.

Finally, Mr. Borjas seems to believe that displaced native-born and older immigrant workers would not draw upon safety-net programs such as general assistance, food stamps, AFDC, Medicaid, unemployment insurance, and SSI.

But the evidence shows that displaced workers do use social programs. Micro studies in Harris County, Texas, confirm that many displaced workers apply for safety-net programs. Of course not *all* do. Some are not eligible for assistance. And even those who are do not always apply for benefits. But those factors which reduced benefit utilization were incorporated into our estimates for net displacement costs.

While he and I agree on other issues—that the welfare state cannot afford the large-scale immigration of less-skilled persons and that Julian Simon is totally misguided in his claim that immigrants constitute a net benefit to the United States—Mr. Borjas has apparently misunderstood the purposes and assumptions of my study. I therefore see no reason to modify its conclusion—that post-1970 immigrants are costing the United States a minimum of $42 billion annually in public-service and displacement costs. These costs will continue to rise until dramatic changes are made in U.S. immigration policy.

Donald Huddle
Houston, Tex.

Mr. Huddle's reply to my article provides yet another example of why those who focus only on the bottom line of a ledger sheet misunderstand why we should be concerned about the potential effects of immigration in a welfare state—though I agree with Mr. Huddle that we should certainly be concerned.

How much do immigrants pay in taxes? Mr. Huddle's calculations are based on the assumption that immigrants paid a total of $20 billion in taxes (net of Social Security and Medicare taxes). The 1990 Census reports that immigrants earned a total income of $268 billion. The reader can easily verify that Mr. Huddle is essentially assuming that taxes paid by immigrants amount to 7.5 per cent of their total income. Adding in Social Security and Medicare payroll taxes brings up the tax rate by another 7 to 8 percentage points, so that Mr. Huddle's calculations use the assumption that total taxes paid by immigrants are only about 15 per cent of their income.

But this conclusion is inconsistent with other statistics available. If immigrants' incomes were taxed on the same basis as native workers' incomes, the shape of income distribution among immigrants im-

(Continues on page 76)

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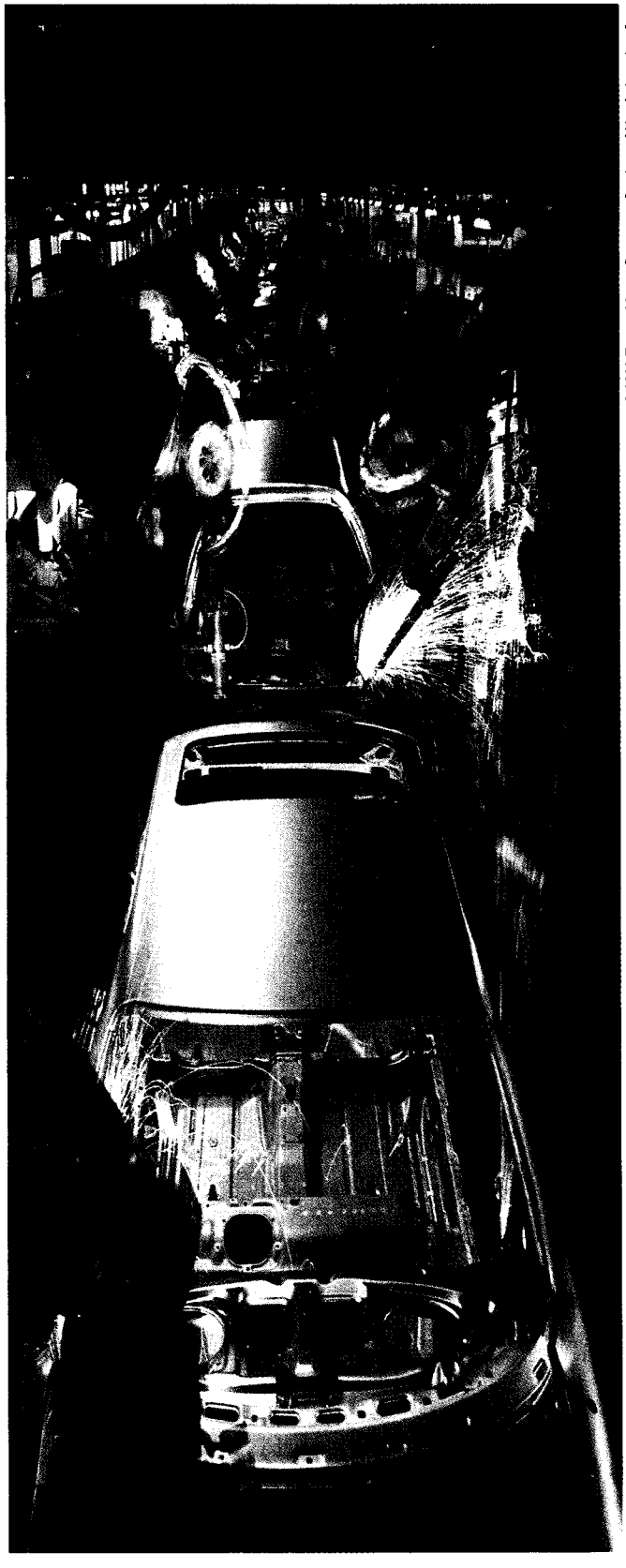

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FROM THE EDITOR

Missing Persons

■ In Britain in the last three decades, according to columnist Barbara Amiel in the London *Sunday Times*, 72 people have been murdered by people who had already committed a murder, served a prison sentence, and then been released.

A few reflections. First, given that the U.S. population is almost five times the British, the British murder rate considerably lower than the American, and the U.S. parole system not more severe, the comparable figure for Americans murdered by released murderers over the same period cannot be less than about three hundred people. (I will try to track down the actual figure by the next issue.)

Second, Sacco and Vanzetti are household names because they went to the gallows when some doubt attached to their guilt. Timothy Evans is equally well-known in Britain because he was executed for a murder that his landlord, the serial murderer Christie, almost certainly committed. Their fame is a powerful argument against the gallows. But the victims of what might be called second serial murder are anonymous. They scarcely exist even as a category.

Third, there has been a long debate on whether or not capital punishment deters murder more effectively than other punishments. But there can be no doubt whatsoever that capital punishment would have prevented these 72 murders. Dead men can't kill.

Opponents of capital punishment, therefore, have to accept that the price of their conviction that the state should not take guilty life is the murder of something like a hundred innocent people every ten years. Small wonder they want those victims to remain missing persons.

■ A conference of the American Medical Association, addressed by Surgeon General Joycelyn Elders, identifies an epidemic of domestic violence as a major public-health problem.

First, a statement of principle: domestic violence is a very bad thing, indeed a serious crime, and anyone guilty of it should be arrested, prosecuted, and punished with due severity. Nothing which follows should be construed as making light of it. Got that?

But when street crime is the nation's great fear, there is something perverse about stressing domestic dangers. Contrary to feminist propaganda, almost anyone who leaves his or her home and wanders the streets of America's cities in order to stay out of harm's way is making a very big mistake, possibly a fatal one.

It is still more misleading to speak of an "epidemic" of violence. Violence does not, as the dictionary has it, "spread rapidly by infection." As for domestic violence, that is localized in relatively few families. Of course, neighbors sometimes discover it and intervene on behalf of the victims. But when they do, they rarely "catch" it.

In other circumstances, avoid violent people—not because you may suddenly contract the habit of hitting them, but because they might hit you.

How can you avoid thugs? Well, unless you are living with a thug (and that is something you will generally know), the best course is to stay home.

■ Meanwhile, faced with an upsurge of street crime, our liberal masters offer us gun control: the unilateral disarmament of the law-abiding and a measure directly comparable to handing a big stick to the domestic bully.

With millions of illegal guns in circulation, the violent criminal would not even be inconvenienced by gun control. Indeed, he would be reassured since his intended victims would have no means of resistance.

The only realistic gun control is severe mandatory sentences for any crime in which a gun is used. If you shrink from capital punishment, then cut off the thug's trigger finger. With anesthetics, it isn't cruel; if we do it often enough, it won't be unusual.

—JOHN O'SULLIVAN

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FOR THE RECORD

■ Has the collapse begun? **David Broder**, Washington sage, says Clintonites have "shown stunningly little ability to learn from the mistakes of their predecessors. They go on doing the same dumb things . . . [and are] shocked when trouble results." *New York Times*'s R. W. Apple weighed in with analysis piece comparing Watergate and Whitewater: **Richard Nixon** "brought the nickname 'Tricky Dick' into the Oval Office, [**Bill Clinton**] 'Slick Willy.'" Apple concluded: "There is now no chance that things will quiet down this year." Former Nixon aide turned radio host **G. Gordon Liddy** says both **Bernie Nussbaum** (who bought a Watergate condominium not long before his resignation) and Nixon counsel **John Dean** impeded investigations. Liddy cautions Nussbaum: "Be strong"—don't snitch like Dean. . . . What will happen next? Democratic Mayor **Richard Daley** of Chicago is blunt: "We did it to Republicans . . . now it's their turn to do it to us." . . . **Marvin Kalb** (formerly of NBC News, now of Harvard University), offers caution: "the press is going to have a lot to answer for when this is over." *Washington Post* media reporter **Howard Kurtz** adds: "some journalists and White House supporters have begun to argue that the coverage has been excessive." However, to *The New Republic*'s **Mickey Kaus**, many journalists were slow to run with Whitewater story because "few journalists want to see the President crippled now that he is making some progress cracking large, intractable domestic problems." . . . As for congressional hearings, **Charles Krauthammer** is in favor: "Watergate tapes were discovered not by the press, not by prosecutors, but in the course of congressional hearings." He points out, "now that the S&L poster girl might turn out to be named Clinton, [Democrats] express deep concern about the partisanship of such hearings." **Gloria Borger** of *U.S. News* adds, "quiet, too, are the resident Washington white hats, the nonprofit government watchdogs." . . . Twenty women from NOW rallied outside White House to support **Hillary Clinton**. NOW president **Patricia Ireland**, using conspiratorialist's *they*, says: "They're trying to keep not just [Hillary Clinton] but all of us in our place."

■ CAMPUS UPDATE: *Heterodoxy* reports that at Northern Arizona University, "Transsexualism and Society" course required students to cross-dress for one class. The professor is **Thurin Schminke**, born a female, now claiming to be male. . . . Ohio State Univeristy has Gay, Lesbian, and Bisexual Student Services Officer: a full-time salaried employee by day and gay-rights activist by night. . . . Oklahoma Conservative Committee chairman **Elmer Million** thinks group's efforts to prevent taxpayers' money from funding **Anita Hill** Chair at Univ. of Oklahoma will be successful. . . . **George R. Harker**, professor of leisure studies at Western Illinois University, was fired for skipping faculty meetings and not giving students exams.

■ Hidden agenda in U.S.–Russian brokered deal for Croatian–Muslim federation is to placate Europe's paranoia about a state dominated by Bosnia's secularized Muslims. **Pierre Lelouche**, Gaullist French parliamentarian, warned of "the emergence of a Gaza Strip in the midst of the Balkans." Unidentified State Department source says the Germans, British, and French "who have consistently shared some concern about a Muslim state in Europe . . . feel somewhat reassured by recent developments." **John R. Lampe**, director of East European Studies at the **Woodrow Wilson** Center, argues "that the more the fighting goes on, the more the roots of [Islamic] fundamentalism will dig in with a **Farrakhan**-like doctrine imported from outside." **Mustafa Spahic**, a Muslim cleric from Sarajevo who describes Muslims as "the new Jews of Europe," says Bosnia has been scene of "the first genocide to be committed under the auspices of the UN." . . . *The Economist*, which welcomes ordination of 32 women by Church of England, tut-tuts England's Roman Catholic Primate Cardinal **Hume** for publicly talking about "the conversion of England, for which we have prayed all these years."

"Every time we pass a new tax bill we get the same old complaints."

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■ National Journalism Center, which provides practical experience in political and economic reporting, is accepting applications for 12-week summer internship, beginning June 6; application deadline: May 6. For info, contact **Mal Kline** at 800 Maryland Ave., N.E., Washington, D.C. 20002; or call 202-544-1333. . . . Institute of World Politics (in conjunction with Boston U.) is offering summer courses in Washington, D.C. Faculty includes **Vladimir Bukovsky**, **Robert Conquest**, and **Michael Novak**. For info, contact the Institute at 1528 18th St., N.W., Washington, D.C. 20036; or call 202-462-2101. . . . **Whittaker Chambers** first revealed he had espionage dealing with **Alger Hiss** on *Meet the Press* with its founder, **Larry Spivak**, who died last week.

■ Retiring Sen. **Malcolm Wallop** (R., Wyo.) illustrated for National Review Institute crowd in Washington last week the major problem with Republican Party: "If the Democrats introduced a bill to burn down the Capitol, the Republicans would offer a compromise to phase it in over three years."

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THE WEEK

■ James Baker says he's leaving the door open for a presidential run in 1996. Don't scoff—he's got credentials. The former Secretary of State has already helped bring down one sitting President.

■ Ways and Means Chairman Dan Rostenkowski won a tough primary fight. He is mailing thank-you letters to all his supporters, franked with brand new stamps.

■ Mike McAlary of the *New York Daily News* has written a column on the Park Police report on Vincent Foster's death which, if accurate, answers all the Oliver Stone questions: there was blood at the scene, under the body where the medic didn't see it; the body was carefully photographed; Mr. Foster's right thumb was in the trigger guard; there was no mysterious white van; etc.; etc. Now all Robert Fiske needs to do is make the report public instead of leaking it to friendly journalists (especially since his chief investigator declines for now to endorse it). While he's at it, James McDougal, former Whitewater partner and owner of Madison Guaranty, wants the Whitewater records he gave the Clintons in 1987 so that he can fill out his 1993 tax returns. The *Los Angeles Times* reports that Mr. McDougal owns the documents, so if they are MIA from Vincent Foster's office, then they have been stolen. Will they be returned? Mr. McDougal has promised to make them public the moment he gets them, so—no. The Clinton strategy is to conceal even what is exculpatory.

■ Still, the most savage Whitewater joke (and potential NRA advertising slogan) is: "If Vince Foster had had a gun, he'd be alive today."

■ For the Clinton Presidency, we have George Mitchell to thank. In 1990 the bland but highly partisan Senate Majority Leader helped snooker President Bush into the budget deal that both robbed the Republicans of their most effective issue and struck a blow at the economy. From that day, even as Bill Clinton roosted unknown in Little Rock, Senator Mitchell's hard work had been done. Now, as he announces his departure from a Washington obsessed with a wounded White House, this Mitchell legacy begins to look as no-account as the rest. The Maine Democrat presided unimaginatively for five years as the legislative leader of the nation's status-quo party: adding his layer to regulation (with a big hand in the Clean Air Act of 1990), putting the kibosh on tax cuts (President Bush's capital-gains cut died of George Mitchell's bullet), and doing it all with neither flair nor distinction. But don't be too depressed; Mr. Mitchell, as Bill Kristol has quipped, may yet land on a legislative body more august, and more powerful, than the Senate—the United States Supreme Court.

■ NATIONAL REVIEW believes that the 1965 immigration law has been a disaster and should be repealed. Other conservatives disagree (or, one might charitably assume, have not had a chance to focus on the immigration influx in practice, as opposed to libertarian theory). One such is the Manhattan Institute's John J. Miller. On March 8 he tried, in the (equally underprivileged) editorial pages of the *Wall Street Journal*, to explain away the recent embarrassing spate of visible crimes committed by immigrants, culminating in the Brooklyn Bridge drive-by shooting. Mr. Miller's tone was regrettably belligerent. The headline summed it up: "Immigrant-Bashing's Latest Falsehood." But as far as we can discover, the link between immigration and crime has been publicized more by Mr. Miller himself than by any commentator skeptical of present immigration policy. Thus December's Long Island Rail Road shootings (also by an immigrant, also originally an illegal) emerged from the Big Media ideological converter as illustrating the case for—gun-control! Nev-

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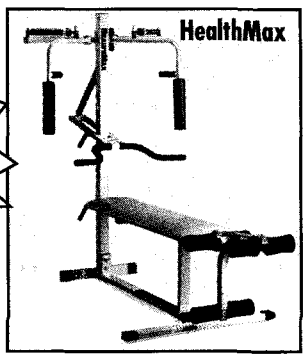

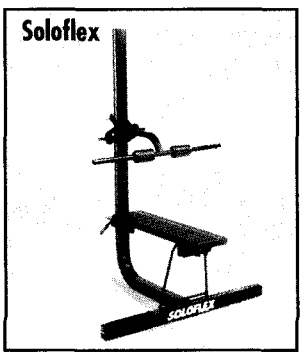

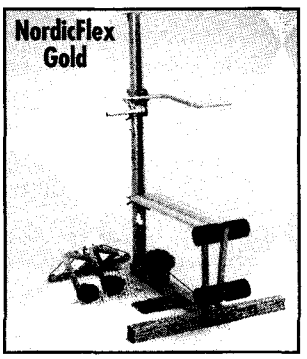

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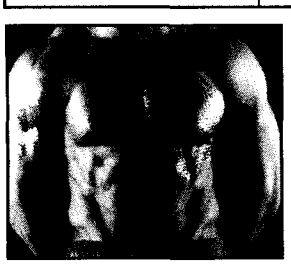

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ertheless, a link between immigration and crime does exist and should cause reasonable concern. Mr. Miller's readers may have been shocked to learn the little-publicized fact that more than 25 per cent of federal-penitentiary inmates are aliens, nearly three times their proportion in the overall American population. Because most were convicted of drug charges, Mr. Miller assumes they were just transient "mules." But these figures actually reflect the increasing domination of the domestic drug trade by Jamaican, Dominican, and other immigrant mafias. The truth is that all of America's historic crime waves, beginning in the 1850s, the 1900s, and the 1960s, have been associated with immigration waves, if only because immigrants tend to be young single men. Immigration apologists would be better advised to admit this cost honestly and non-belligerently, and then to argue that it should be balanced against the benefits of the post-1965 immigration.

■ The Laffer Curve has gone international. In a recent editorial, the *Far Eastern Economic Review* compared the income-tax revenue take from the top 10 per cent of earners in Hong Kong and Japan. And the results? Although Japan's top tax rate of 50 per cent is three times as high than Hong Kong's flat rate of, effectively, 15 per cent, the rich contributed a much smaller share of the revenue in Japan (about half) than in Hong Kong (almost three-quarters). No sooner did the article appear than the Hong Kong government cut taxes again—to the point where the lowest-earning 58 per cent of the population will pay no income taxes at all. Fairness, anyone?

■ Savvy New Yorkers roll their eyes when their politicians blame Washington for the state's recurring fiscal crisis. After all, the Feds didn't force local politicians to provide the most generous Medicaid program in the nation, levy the highest local taxes, or regulate just about everything. But with one-fifth of the nation's foreign-born population residing within New York's borders, including 490,000 illegal aliens, federal immigration policy clearly burdens New York more than any other state. Washington requires, for example, that AFDC, food stamps, and the entire gamut of social programs be made available to all residents, not only to citizens. The New York City school system, currently facing the largest wave of immigrant students since the turn of the century, is scrambling to provide fiendishly expensive bilingual-education programs, for which the Federal Government pays 5 per cent. Immigrants account for one of ten prison inmates in the state; one in eight of these is an *illegal* immigrant. A study commissioned by State Senator Frank Padavan concludes that the immigration burden incurred by New York's state and local governments exceeds federal reimbursements by $5.6 billion annually. (Another popular destination—Florida—estimates that 2.5 per cent of its total budget goes to serve illegal immigrants.) Immigrants pay taxes, of course. But this gap is financed mainly by native New Yorkers, who—not surprisingly—are themselves emigrating to greener pastures in record numbers.

■ Interim White House Counsel Lloyd Cutler had no trouble finding his office his first day on the job. Arriving at the executive mansion, he was told, "It's down this hall, third bunker on the left."

■ When faced with a weakened economy earlier this decade, most governors raised taxes. It didn't work. A recent survey conducted by the Cato Institute's Stephen Moore finds that the states that raised taxes suffered deeper recessions—and larger budget shortfalls—than those that did not. At the bottom of the tax-and-spend heap is Lowell Weicker, who orchestrated Connecticut's first income tax—and worst recession. He narrowly edged out Jim Florio, whose "soak the rich" tax hike paved the way for the highest unemployment rate in the nation (9.1 per cent) and for his defeat by Christine Whitman. At the other extreme is Kirk Fordice, Mississippi's first Republican governor this century. He did the unthinkable, cutting spending by 5 per cent while refusing to consider any tax hikes (the result: a budget surplus). Overall, party affiliation makes surprisingly little difference. Based on objective measures of spending and tax growth, three of the top five grades went to Democrats: Doug Wilder of Virginia, Howard Dean of Vermont, and Roy Romer of Colorado. But beware of grade inflation. Mario Cuomo, described as a man who "governed as if he never met a spending program he didn't like," was nevertheless awarded a C.

■ Want to open a casino and resort hotel financed exclusively by state and federal moneys? It's easy. Just get a group of friends together, claim to be the only living descendants of an obscure Indian tribe (make sure the tribe actually lived in your neck of

Hillary Speaks

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The Mrs. said, "Mistakes were made"—
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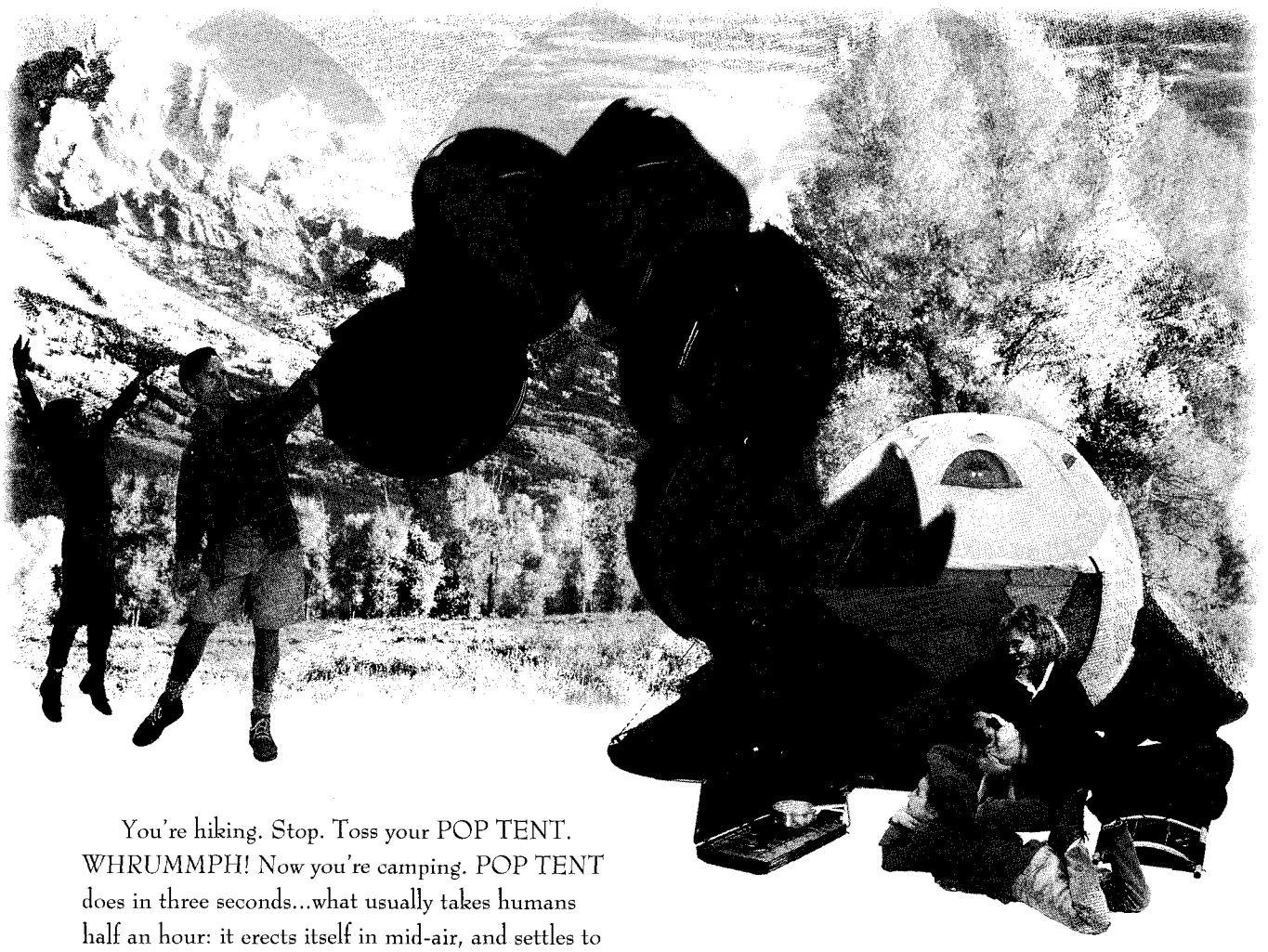

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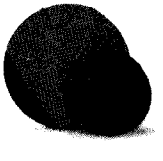

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the woods), and begin filing land-claim suits accusing various towns and cities of appropriating lands rightfully belonging to your tribe. The Golden Hill Paugussetts have been doing this in Connecticut since 1992, and it looks as if they've finally hit the jackpot. In exchange for dropping their suit against the city of Waterbury, the "tribe" will receive land for a casino, resort hotel, museum, bingo hall, and tribal village. While admitting that most of the lawsuits were financed by out-of-state investors interested in opening a casino in the Bridgeport area, Chief Quiet Hawk, otherwise known as Aurelius H. Piper Jr., insists that the tribe wants only to win back ancestral lands. Hmm . . . NATIONAL REVIEW has always coveted a prime Midtown location. Maybe it's time for a little pow-wow with Mayor Giuliani.

■ The issue of human rights caused a lot of tension during Secretary of State Warren Christopher's visit to China. The Chinese wanted to know what kind of Administration would try to impose a health plan that mandates 15-year prison sentences for patients trying to choose their own doctor.

■ The Clinton Administration has brokered a deal between Bosnian Croats and Muslims, ending the fighting between them and establishing a political alliance that can face the Serbs in the next phase of a negotiation. Indeed, the Croats and Muslims have agreed on a constitution for a confederation linked to the Croatian Republic. This looks like a success, as far as it goes. By cementing an alliance, the two communities maximize their leverage against the more dangerous Serbs. The bad news is that the Serbs have already been allowed to win the war on the ground, and now have Russian backing to boot. The likelihood of the Serbs' conceding much of their ill-gotten territory is low, and the likelihood that the Administration will press Croats and Muslims into making most of the concessions is high. Both Houses of Congress have passed resolutions to lift the arms embargo hobbling Bosnian self-defense. The Admin-

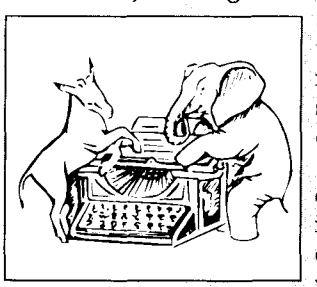
POLITICAL NOTEBOOK

■ **MAINE:** Republicans in Maine—indeed nationwide—rejoiced at the news of Senate Majority Leader George Mitchell's surprise decision not to seek re-election. The glee is two-pronged: 1) Bill Clinton is now hampered by lame-duck leadership at a time when he most needs strength in the Senate; and 2) the Republican Party has a very good chance at winning a seat that until a few weeks ago was written off even by those who were lining up to challenge Mitchell.

Representative Olympia Snowe is what Democrats like to call a "maverick"—a Republican who votes like a Democrat. She and her husband—the state's somewhat conservative governor, John McKernan—are Maine's ultimate power couple. They met when the two of them made up the state's entire House delegation, before he moved home. Now Miss Snowe has used her power, built over 16 years in office, to clear the field for the Senate primary. The other contenders have shifted to the race for her House seat.

Steve Zirnkilton fought in the State legislature to phase out sales taxes on many categories of goods; he also rallied bipartisan forces, albeit unsuccessfully, to oppose a minimum-wage hike. He dropped out of the Senate race the day after Miss Snowe entered it.

Glenn MacNaughton has been disparaged by Republicans in Washington for running Ross Perot's Maine campaign (Perot finished second, ahead of George Bush). But on nearly every issue—from taxes, to health care, to abortion—Mr. MacNaughton, a small-business owner, is a Reagan Republican.



Calculating Representative Snowe's strength among state party leaders, Mr. MacNaughton too left her the nomination. He should reconsider. The GOP is a party of principles, remember—and Glenn MacNaughton represents those principles best. Ronald Reagan twice won easily in Maine—and so can Mr. MacNaughton. Besides, Miss Snowe's popularity seems to be waning: she squeaked by in her last two re-election efforts. Her defeat in the primary would keep her home in Maine—which is, after all, where Snowe belongs.

■ **RHODE ISLAND:** When Patrick (son of Senator Ted) Kennedy was a student at Providence College, he won a seat in the Rhode Island state legislature. Now at age 26, with a short liberal career behind him, he plans to use his family name and money to win the seat being vacated by Representative Ron Machtley (R.), who is leaving the House to run for governor. Kennedy would if elected no doubt follow the family pattern of voting for taxes to support massive social programs—not what the state or nation needs at a time when such policies have been discredited worldwide.

His likely Republican challenger is Kevin Vigilante, a 39-year-old doctor from Pawtucket who runs a program for HIV-infected women and a rape crisis center. He is industrious, sincere, and conservative. He favors lower taxes, social restraint, and a reasoned approach to health care. The race is already attracting the national spotlight—which can only help Dr. Vigilante in raising money, exposing Mr. Kennedy's deficiencies, and attracting prominent conservatives to campaign for him. This is one Kennedy opponent who is not a sacrificial lamb. —GEOFFREY MORRIS

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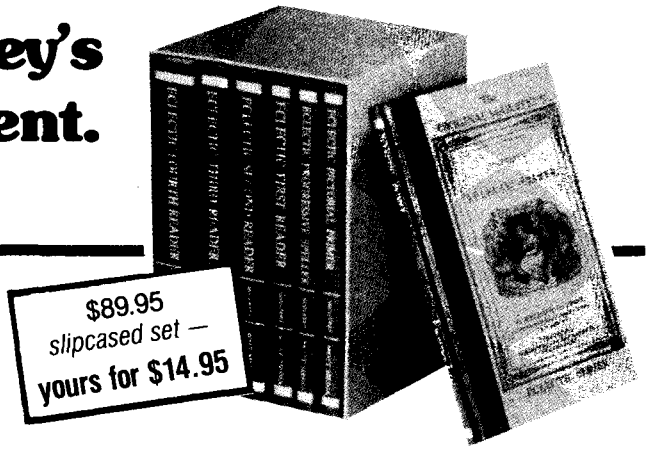

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istration ought to think about endorsing this idea; it might help America's friends, and so our country as well, at the negotiating table.

■ The price of postage stamps will be going up in 1995. Apparently the Post Office needs additional revenue to buy more of those little signs saying "Next Window Please."

■ On TV, it's the Season of the Same-Sex Kiss. First there was the PBS mini-series *Tales of the City*, with its homosexual couples smooching in cars on the streets of San Francisco; then Mrs. Arnold performing mouth-to-mouth on Mariel Hemingway on *Roseanne*; and now *More than Friends* on HBO, a cable movie about the first lesbian couple to attend a high-school prom. Above all, we feel bad for the teenaged boys who used to learn important lessons about life from TV and movies, such as how to kiss a girl. The lesson this month: To kiss a girl, it helps to *be* a girl.

GUEST EDITORIAL

IF BILL CLINTON is nominated again and runs in 1996, and if he loses in the November election, he may look back on February 3, 1994, as the day he lost. The reason: he lifted the trade embargo on Vietnam. This was reneging, flat-out welshing, on a campaign promise. In his drive to unseat President Bush, he gave his word that he would not lift the trade embargo until and unless there was a full, good-faith accounting for Americans still missing in action.

President Bush took the United States in the direction of lifting the trade embargo against Vietnam—with some help from President Reagan before him. Families of men still missing in Vietnam were furious, especially after President Bush appeared to give them short shrift at a meeting. Candidate Bill Clinton took full advantage. That's when he made his promise.

February 3 is when he broke that promise.

Politicians break campaign promises all the time. But this time the President's hand wasn't forced: he did this on his own initiative, and the initiative of his foreign-policy advisors. (If there is a consistent theme from any Administration to the next, it may be this: Foreign-policy advisors, regardless of prior experience or party affiliation, are almost always wrong.)

In an obvious attempt to blunt criticism, President Clinton actually characterized lifting the embargo as creating the best opportunity to get the true story of what happened to America's missing.

This was especially ill-advised. Because it was obvious that lifting the embargo wasn't designed to resolve doubts about the fate of the missing. It was designed to make money. It was a trade initiative, plain and simple. The people least likely to mistake it for anything else were the families of America's missing.

North Vietnam saw itself as victorious in the war, and sees itself as victorious once again. When this reporter was in Hanoi a few months back, with retired U.S. General Norman Schwarzkopf, the headlines were: "U.S. Will Cave on Trade Embargo." A confident Vietnamese official told me, when I asked about that, "We had more determination and patience than America did during the fighting, and we have more about this. Yes, America will cave—and soon." He smiled.

When I asked why he was so confident, he smiled again. "Money," he replied. "Your businessmen want the money. And money moves America."

This reporter left the room. I'll admit it: I was mad.

Today, that seems a long, long time ago.

Today, the deal is done. Vietnam gets what it wants. And the headlines in Hanoi were: "U.S. Caves on Trade Embargo." And so it goes.

But before it goes any further, it is worth noting that there has *not* been a full, good-faith accounting for Americans still missing in action from the war. It is also worth at least footnoting that Vietnam is still ruled by an old-line, hard-line Marxist–Leninist dictatorial regime. Vietnam is *not* a democratic state. It has taken on some of the coloration of capitalism, but very little of the democratic heart.

This reporter wonders: Did it occur to President Clinton that night, February 3, to go to the Wall?

It's only a short walk from the White House to the Wall, the Vietnam Memorial, where 58,000 American names are carved in a garden of stone.

Only the President can answer whether he has kept faith with those who gave their full measure of valor in a cause their country and its leaders told them was important. Those Americans may have gone to the wrong war, but they went for the right reason. And so did those who are still officially listed as missing.

It might have meant nothing, but then again it might have meant something if the President had underscored that he and the nation understood the service rendered by those Americans—on February 3, of all days.

—DAN RATHER

Mr. Rather is managing editor and co-anchor of the CBS Evening News *and anchor of* 48 Hours.

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Well, boys, that can be arranged. In fact CBS is working on a movie-of-the-week you're going to find very interesting . . .

■ Most private golf courses reserve the preferred tee times for men, on the (somewhat antiquated) grounds that men have less free time, and the (on average true) grounds that women play more slowly than men. A dozen women around the country are now suing to end this practice, using the same argument with which their older sisters forced many men's clubs to go co-ed in the Eighties: that women are put at a business disadvantage by being excluded. As one of the suers, Nancy Oliver, put it: "The excuse they give is that women play slower. But the real reason is they don't want to share power." Perhaps some accommodation should and could reasonably be made, such as verifying the briskness of any would-be weekend-morning golfer. But as Wodehouse's Oldest Member would be quick to point out, anyone who suggests that power is more important than golf has forfeited consideration as a serious golfer.

■ For some reason, *Dateline NBC* felt compelled to air an interview with mass-murderer and cannibal Jeffrey Dahmer. Of course, it does highlight the fact that TV is a business where you either get ratings or get eaten alive.

Farrakhan

CRITICS OF Louis Farrakhan and the Nation of Islam tend to take a fever-chart approach to their bigotry—bad outbreaks in New Jersey and Baltimore; milder readings from appearances on *Arsenio Hall* and in New Jersey a second time. This therapeutic analysis misses the point. As James Carville might say, It's the religion, stupid. Farrakhan and his group are the heirs of a black triumphalist sect founded in Detroit in 1930 by one W. D. Fard. From the beginning, its disciples have believed that all non-black races are the products of a prehistoric breeding experiment conducted on the island of Patmos by Dr. Yacub, a malcontent exiled from an original black Eden centered in Mecca. The role of whites, the most degenerate of the half-breeds, has been to persecute blacks until the appearance of a Messenger (Fard) who would reveal the truth and set black minds free. This was what Elijah Muhammad believed, what Malcolm X believed until he converted to orthodox Islam, what Louis Farrakhan has believed for forty years.

Any group with views so disgusting and so risible might be expected to occupy a lonely position in the American intellectual outback. But in fact Farrakhan's sect has successfully claimed solidarity with mainstream black politicians and institutions. Jesse Jackson used him as a warm-up speaker at campaign rallies early in 1984. When Farrakhan called Judaism a "gutter religion," he was temporarily put beyond the pale. But last year, the Congressional Black Caucus affirmed a "sacred covenant" with the Nation of Islam, which it annulled only because of the bad publicity surrounding recent utterances. When the House voted to condemn remarks by Farrakhan's aide, Khalid Muhammed, most Black Caucus members voted "present" (i.e., abstained). The NAACP has invited Farrakhan to attend a black leadership caucus this spring. What makes this equivocation especially troubling is that the rhetoric of the Nation of Islam is not just some theoretical black "nationalism" unrelated to political reality; it includes incitement to beat and rob those whites, in particular Jews, who own small businesses in the ghetto. Somebody might get killed.

But the willingness of some—not all—mainstream blacks to tolerate Farrakhan is not some peculiar moral lapse. Nor is it confined to blacks; white liberals have too often been queasy and tentative in their criticisms of the Nation of Islam. Indeed, American society as a whole is half-paralyzed when it comes to any question involving race. The average university professor, corporate executive, advertising copywriter, or physician cannot see even Farrakhan outside the context of black victimhood, an expression as much as an expresser of black "rage," a crescent that white society must bear for its sins. These responses are not the result of conscious reflection; they are merely the intellectual counterpart of what we have been *doing* about race in America for a generation. If we had sought to justify it rationally—in fact, we have avoided justifying it because we have denied doing it—these are the rationalizations we would have concocted. They now cloud our thoughts and hobble our actions, as our baffled hesitations over a Farrakhan reveal to us. As the historian Shelby Steele argues in a brilliant essay in the *New York Times*, "something much larger than Mr. Farrakhan must be repudiated, and many more of us must do the repudiating."

That something is "the pattern of social reform that America has offered its former victims for 25

Mr. Clinton's Firewall

After the horses had cantered away,
Far from the barn as D'Amato made hay,
President Clinton re-fastened the doors,
Leaving a vacuum that nature abhors.

W. H. VON DREELE

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years," specifically "entitlements like affirmative action and diversity programs." Such a pattern "brings out the Farrakhans in every group so that they can be used as wedges in the group's negotiations with the larger society. . . . If you are seeking entitlements on the basis of oppression, you must have your Farrakhan or your ACT-UP or your radical feminists." These bad cops serve as auxiliaries who "embody" the "alienation and anger that could become manifest in the entire group if the entitlements are not forthcoming."

The challenge to repudiate entitlements is not issued just to liberals. Mr. Steele notes in passing that group preferences were first codified during the Nixon Administration. Most conservative politicians today, when confronted with the issue, roll over and play dead (William Bennett and Pat Buchanan are rare exceptions). That is no longer acceptable. Dick Cheney, Jack Kemp, Phil Gramm, and other would-be leaders cannot be less brave than a nonpartisan historian like Shelby Steele. If they duck the challenge, there will be more Farrakhans in our future.

Accounting for the Clintons

EVEN AS the Whitewater scandal has spread—to encompass reports of documents shredded in Little Rock, and consultations between regulators and the White House—debate has arisen over whether the investigation should be narrowed. Should the ball be carried entirely by special prosecutor Robert Fiske and his grand juries? Or should Congress get into the act as well?

Mr. Fiske insists on the priority of his own efforts, perhaps to preserve possible trials from taint, perhaps from personal and bureaucratic imperatives. But when Treasury Secretary Lloyd Bentsen used the Fiske inquiry as an excuse to avoid answering questions in a recent House subcommittee hearing, critics feared the worst. William Safire charged Mr. Fiske with "doing the job the Clinton Administration hired him to do"—that is, to keep a lid on the scandal; the *Wall Street Journal*, somewhat less sternly, only said that his investigation was "beginning to look" like a cover-up.

Mr. Fiske's motives are unknowable and should be moot. What should determine this question is the separation of powers. Representative Jim Leach, the ranking minority member of the House Banking Committee, reminded him of Congress's role. "Traditionally in all Western democracies," wrote Mr. Leach, "it is the responsibility of the party out of power to hold the party in power accountable for breaches of the public trust." The Founders did not envision political parties. But they did provide for different branches of government, whose ambitions would act as checks upon one another. If one branch was guilty of illegal or unethical conduct, its peers were expected to expose it so that the people, at the next election, could have a chance to punish the offenders. The electorate is getting political information it should have had in 1992. Better late than never. Robert Fiske should read the *Federalist Papers* before he calls for blacking it out.

A Difficult Trip

Mr. Christopher, who couldn't
  Do what Britain did
When the Manchus said they wouldn't
  Do what Britain bid,
Simply sat there singing solo,
Pretty much like Marco Polo.

W. H. VON DREELE

Trade and Geopolitics

SECRETARY of State Christopher's stormy visits to Tokyo and Peking lead to reflections on the development of the Asia–Pacific region. In the last twenty years the extraordinary economic boom there has been underpinned by a historically remarkable phenomenon—the harmony of political relations among China, Japan, and the United States. The history of the early part of this century suggests a certain fragility in these relationships, but it was America's great success in the early 1970s to build a structure of stability—one which, apparently, is now being taken for granted.

These political ties are under strain today from all directions—from China, because of its huge military build-up after Tiananmen, its disruptive arms-sales policies in the Middle East and North Korea, and its retrograde attitude to human rights; from Japan, because of its stubbornly mercantilist trade policies and a growing nationalist reaction to U.S. pressures; and from the U.S., which is resorting to harsher and harsher tactics against both countries even while it is weakening its military posture in Asia and thereby eroding its credibility as a source of security on which both countries have relied. In particular, the feeble U.S. response to the North Korean nuclear threat calls into question the value to Japan of the U.S. guarantee and may well trigger a Japanese nuclear-weapons program which no country, including Japan, wants.

China's practices regarding human rights and Japan's regarding open trade are to be deplored. But the crude economic warfare upon which the U.S.

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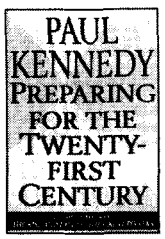

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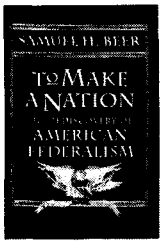

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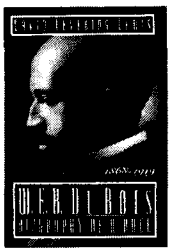

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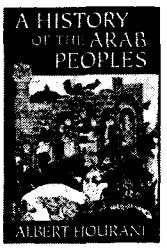

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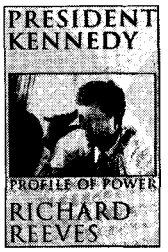

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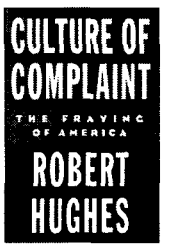

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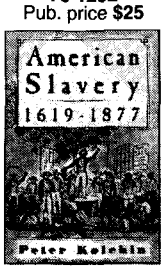

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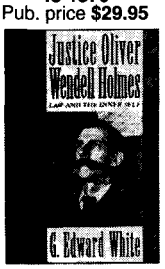

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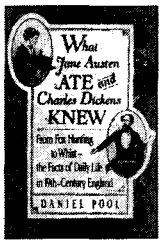

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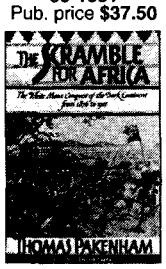

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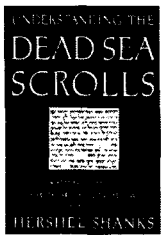

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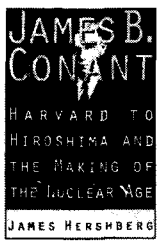

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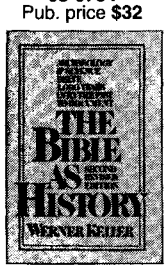

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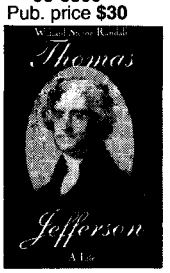

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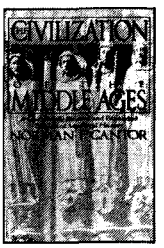

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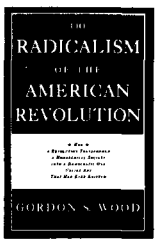

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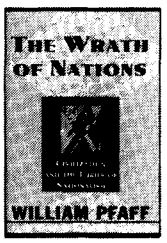

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may be embarking—threatening to end normal trade relations with China and to impose extraordinary sanctions against Japan—will have its ultimate cost. China and Japan fear each other in an elemental way, and each therefore looks to us as reassurance against the other. So both these countries need us—up to a point—and will yield to our pressures—up to a point. In the Japanese case, there are profound questions about the long-term benefits of managed trade, which is what most of the Administration's "victories" consist of. In the Chinese case, the greatest pressure for democracy will come not from the isolation of China but from the extraordinary economic transformation that has grown out of China's exposure to the outside world.

And in both cases, we may soon learn that a bully that is seen as militarily weak will come to be be regarded as a paper tiger. If that happens, not only will our leverage dissipate but stability (and therefore prosperity) around the entire Pacific Rim will be

RIGHT DATA

200 Years and Out?

A NEW study of nineteenth- and early-twentieth-century censuses shows that black children have always been more likely to be raised in broken families than white children. "Single parenthood among blacks has nothing to do with welfare," says the author of the study, University of Minnesota historian Steven Ruggles.

THE SINGLE-PARENT CULTURE

	Children Without One Or Both Parents (%)			Poverty Rate of Children With Single Parents	
	Black	White		Black	White
1880	29.9%	12.7%	1967	72.4%	42.1%
1910	27.5	10.3	1972	69.5	41.1
1940	27.3	10.1	1980	64.8	41.6
1960	32.3	8.6	1988	64.7	44.9
1980	52.9	15.9	1989	63.1	42.5
1990	63.3	19.2	1990	64.7	45.9

Source: University of Minnesota, U.S. Census

Nothing? The figures unearthed by Mr. Ruggles himself indicate that while broken families have long been more common among blacks than among whites, their explosive rise followed the Great Society.

The share of children under 15 who lived without one or both parents hovered around 30 per cent for blacks between 1880 and 1960, compared with 10 per cent for whites. The racial gap remains after accounting for more frequent early deaths among black parents.

At the outset of World War II, the black illegitimacy rate was slightly below 19 per cent. It rose slowly for the next quarter-century. In 1965, with rates in the high 20s, Daniel Patrick Moynihan wrote his famous memorandum predicting that illegitimacy would lead to a breakdown of the black family and urban society.

By 1991 illegitimacy rates had reached 68 per cent of all births to black women; the inner-city figure typically exceeds 80 per cent. White illegitimacy is rising too. In 1991, 22 per cent of all white births were to unmarried mothers.

They are not Murphy Browns: only 4 per cent of white unmarried mothers are college grads. Indeed, Labor Department statistics show that 44 per cent of births to poor white mothers are illegitimate, compared with only 6 per cent for white women above the poverty line. Clearly, the gap between white and black illegitimacy rates has less to do with culture than with differences in income and the corresponding attractiveness of welfare.

President Clinton's plan for "ending welfare as we know it" would limit AFDC eligibility to two years, requiring recipients either to work or to perform community service in return for benefits. Rhetoric aside, there is little sign of commitment: the Administration itself predicts that only 130,000 welfare recipients, or less than 3 per cent of the adult caseload, will have joined the work program by 1999. But no matter how tough and comprehensive it becomes, workfare cannot reduce the underclass as long as illegitimacy rates remain at their current levels. An alternative plan, prescribed by Charles Murray, is to terminate AFDC and all other forms of public support to unwed mothers.

In Murray's plan, a young mother would have to enlist help from her parents, boyfriend, siblings, neighbors, church, or charities. The prospect of canvassing for support will dissuade many adolescents from having babies, and persuade many who do to put their babies up for adoption.

More importantly, the pressure placed on relatives and the community will resurrect the social stigma which historically contained illegitimacy. It will, in Murray's words, "make an illegitimate birth the horrific act it used to be, and getting a girl pregnant something boys do at the risk of facing a shotgun."

—ED RUBENSTEIN

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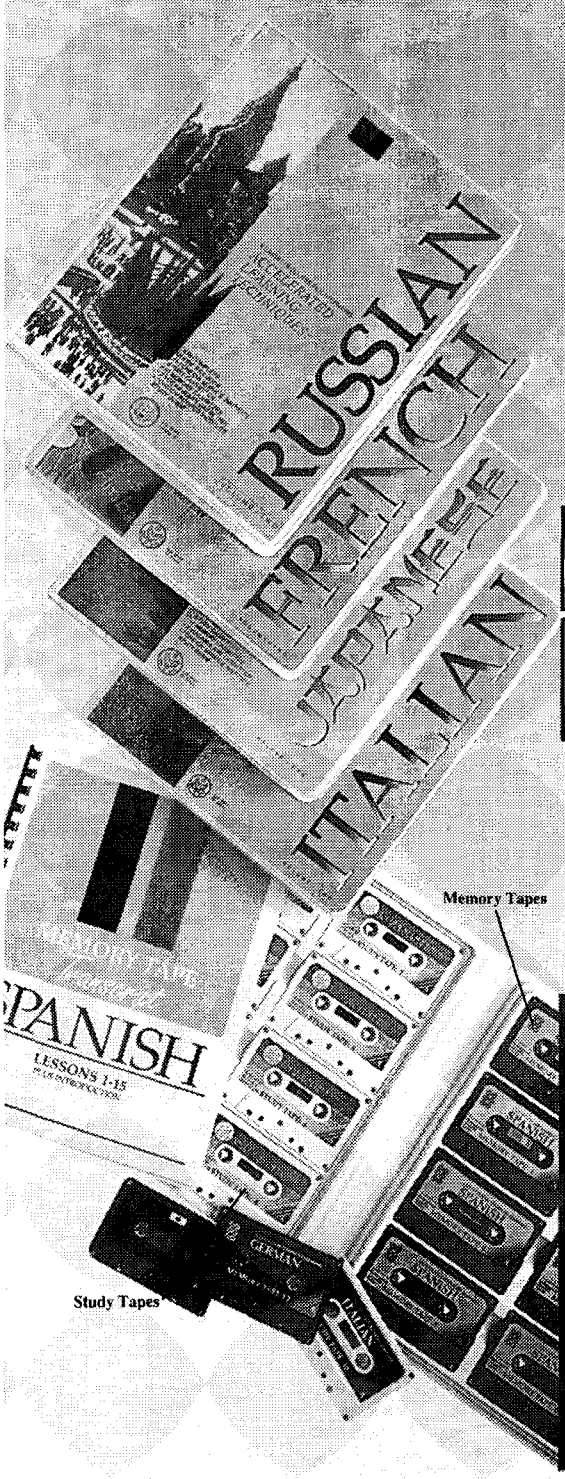

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at risk. These are higher stakes than a handful of congressional votes or a marginal rise in the President's popularity.

The Encircling Gloom

ANY chance there might have been for the unlikely reunion of the Roman Catholic Church with the Anglican Communion was effectively put down last month when the Church of England ordained 32 women to the Anglican priesthood. In a joint statement, the Archbishops of Canterbury and York called the event that reverses almost five hundred years of church doctrine "a significant milestone" that, nonetheless, "has not been undertaken lightly or hastily." But staunch opposition to the move may turn into wide-scale abandonment of the church itself, with numerous highly visible defections to Roman Catholicism.

The Reverend Francis Bown, chairman of the orthodox Anglo-Catholic group Ecclesia, conducted a mock funeral for the Church of England on the eve of the ordinations, calling them a "sinful act of apostasy" by the leadership of a church that has become "just a liberal Protestant sect" bereft of its ancient claims to catholicity. Seven bishops and over seven hundred priests and deacons have now acknowledged the Pope (heretofore for them merely "Bishop of Rome") as supreme head of the Universal Church, declaring their intention to convert by the end of the year. Joining them have been Environment Secretary John Gummer, Undersecretary for Employment Ann Widdecombe, and, most significantly, the Duchess of Kent. Recently, Charles Moore, editor of the *Sunday Telegraph*, wrote a full-page article titled "Why I shall become a Catholic."

"To take such a revolutionary step at the present moment, to cut ourselves off from the Christian past and to widen the divisions between ourselves and other Churches by establishing an order of priestesses in our midst, would be an almost wanton degree of imprudence. And the Church of England herself would be torn to shreds by the operation." Such was the warning made, not by Mr. Moore, but by C. S. Lewis—in 1948. The shredding has already begun. While agreeing to compensate priests who choose to resign over the matter, church leaders have been forced to consider allowing parishes or, in a few cases, entire bishoprics to retain an all-male priesthood as well as appointing "flying priests" to bring pastoral care to those refusing priestesses.

The leaders of the Church of England would have been better advised to ponder the ultimate divisiveness of what they may be creating—in effect, parallel churches—as well as Chesterton's apologia for his own conversion seventy years ago: that he sought a church that would free him from the degrading slavery of being a child of his time.

Sweet Vindication

IT DOES NOT happen very often that a thinker who has the grit to go up against the conventional wisdom lives to see himself grandly vindicated. When it does happen, the entire species is morally elevated a notch or two. It has happened to Michael Novak, who has been awarded the Templeton Prize for progress in religion.

Mr. Novak is no stranger to the readers of this magazine. He was a contributing editor and regular columnist in the early Eighties. In 1983 an entire issue of *NR* was devoted to "Moral Clarity in the Nuclear Age," a letter drafted by Novak and signed by one hundred prominent Catholic laymen challenging the position of the U.S. bishops on the ethics of nuclear deterrence.

But history will almost certainly remember Michael Novak chiefly for his innovative work on democratic capitalism. In the modern era there had always been those who intuitively discerned the Christian inspiration of the free market, and a few scholars had tried to give that intuition public voice, but not until the publication, in 1982, of Mr. Novak's *The Spirit of Democratic Capitalism* did the market economy have a champion who could deploy the full panoply of moral and theological argument in its defense. But his has never been an uncritical embrace of capitalism. He has adamantly insisted that democratic capitalism is not just an economic system but a political economy which rests upon a tripod in which each of the three legs—culture, politics, and economics—is essential. The greatest of these is culture, meaning moral ethos and judgment sustained by religious truth.

Before the fall of Communism, Michael Novak's writings were published underground and eagerly debated by Solidarity in Poland. Throughout Central and Eastern Europe, as well as in large parts of Asia and Latin America, his ideas are the subject of intense interest, and the Chinese regime has recently given permission for *The Spirit of Democratic Capitalism* to be published, a decision its aged rulers may come to rue. Among academics in the West, Mr. Novak has paid the usual stiff price for having seen and spoken the truth too early. But even there, outside the dives where the professors of radicalisms past while away their time playing the golden oldies of socialist delusion, Novak's work is meeting with a growing, if belated, respect. When in the real world the contest between capitalism and socialism turns out pretty much the way one said it would, it does enhance one's credibility.

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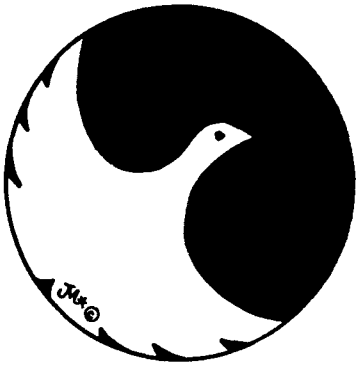

A Time to Celebrate

Yes, it's a hard time to be a Catholic: Our culture mocks us, the media crucify our Church, and even some of our pastors and teachers buckle under to the Spirit of the Age. But as members of Christ's one Church, we have every reason to be confident, even to celebrate. Rejoice when you are persecuted, said our Lord.

Holy Mother Church was founded by Jesus upon the Rock who was Peter, and He promised that the Gates of Hell would never prevail against her. And they haven't — in spite of heresies, defections, and betrayals. She's the oldest institution in the Western world, perhaps the entire world. "The proudest royal houses are but of yesterday, when compared with the line of Supreme Pontiffs," said historian Thomas Macaulay. "The republic of Venice was modern when compared with the Papacy; and the republic of Venice is gone, and the Papacy remains. The Papacy remains, not in decay, not a mere antique, but full of life and youthful vigor."

Denigrated as the church of "rum, Romanism, and rebellion," Holy Mother Church has vexed and outlived puritans, gestapos, and commissars. She will surely survive the doubters, dissenters, and fallen priests in her midst. The fashionable ideologues of polymorphous perversity and the robber barons who strip-mine the Womb will wither, but Rome will endure.

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The Templeton Prize, which is accompanied by approximately a million dollars, is a well-deserved sign of vindication. Past recipients of the prize, which was created in 1972, include Mother Teresa, Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn, and Billy Graham. A yet more important vindication for Mr. Novak, however, was the 1991 encyclical *Centesimus Annus*. Those close to Pope John Paul II leave no doubt that his encyclical on the free society and the free economy was significantly influenced by the work of Michael Novak. For a devout Catholic such as Mr. Novak, there can be few sweeter tributes than that of having contributed to the development of the Church's moral teaching.

NOTES & ASIDES

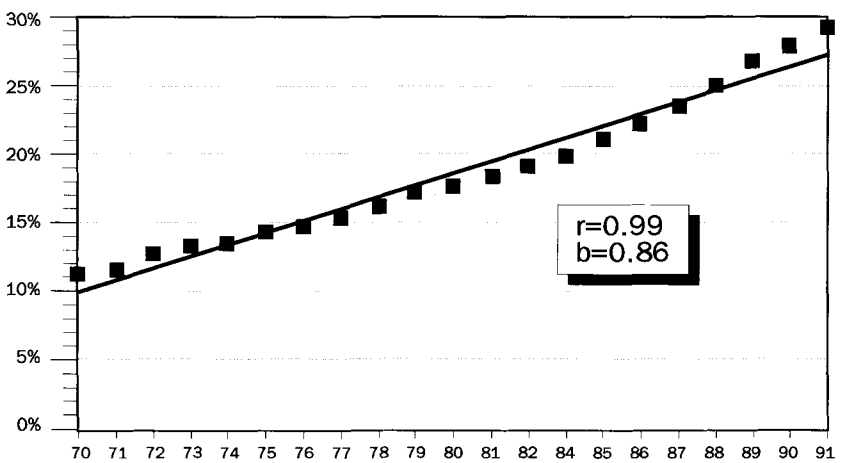
■ Dear Bill:

A few weeks ago, the natal statistics for 1991 were published. I happened to glance at the series and thought I saw a straight line. Jack Fowle and Paul Offner did the regression analysis and sure enough!

On a straight ascent from 10 per cent of all births in 1970, births to unmarried women have now reached 30 per cent (b = 0.86, r = 0.99). I do not believe any such correlation has ever been found in social science. Moreover, the correlation for black births (r = 0.989) is slightly *higher* than that for whites (r = 0.981). Which is to say, the straight ascent continues almost into the 70 per cent range. Lee Rainwater testified on Tuesday that he foresees a 40 per cent overall rate, with an 80 per cent minority rate by the turn of the century.

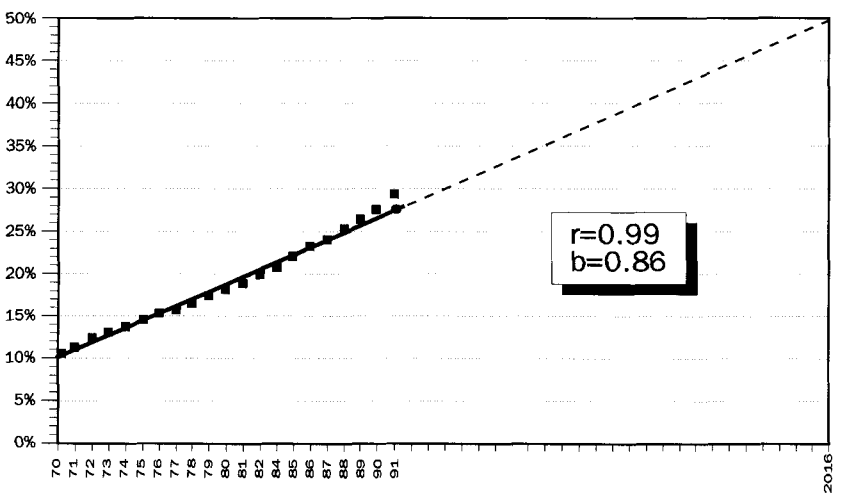
Best,
Pat
[Daniel Patrick Moynihan]
U.S. Senate
Washington, D.C.

Births to Unmarried Women (All Races)



* The statistic "r," called the correlation coefficient, indicates how closely a particular regression line fits the data. The 0.99 coefficient indicates an almost perfect fit.
* The statistic "b," called the slope, indicates how rapidly a line is rising or falling.

Births to Unmarried Women (All Races)



■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

Following up on the *Vanity Fair* questionnaire ("Notes & Asides," Oct. 18) what do you choose to play when you are with others not afflicted by the trait you understandably most deplore? And is Scarlatti's Harpsichord Sonata in D, Kk. 490, in your encore repertoire?

Cordially yours,
Soren N. S. Laursen
Mahwah, N.J.

Dear Mr. Laursen: It is not in my repertoire, but I have never heard a sonata by Scarlatti I didn't like, and I've heard maybe five hundred. Cordially, WFB

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

They've got the editorial pages, the newsrooms, the academy, the bureaucracy, the House, the Senate, the White House, the state houses and legislatures, television, film, radio, "the arts," the utility companies, the AMA, and the ABA.

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We win.

Very truly yours,
Paul T. O'Brien
West Covina, Calif.

Dear Mr. O'Brien: The sound you cannot quite hear is the sighing of the editors and staff. Wish we could bottle it for you. Cordially, **WFB**

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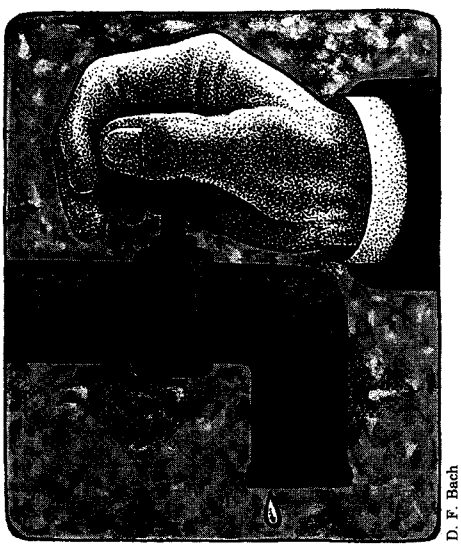
ON THE SCENE

It's Back

IRA MEHLMAN



D. F. Bach

WASHINGTON, D.C./LOS ANGELES

IT HAS become a recurring nightmare. Every four years or so, Congress finds itself grappling with one of its least favorite issues: immigration.

In the Immigration Reform and Control Act of 1986 (IRCA), Congress granted amnesty to more than three million illegal aliens and sought to stem the flow of new illegals by imposing stiff penalties on businesses that employed them. Congress was satisfied that IRCA had dealt with the problem of illegal immigration once and for all.

Almost immediately, however, it became apparent that IRCA had failed to deal with an even larger problem: the admission of hundreds of thousands of *legal* immigrants every year with no regard to whether they might have anything to contribute to the United States. So, in 1990, Congress set out to reform the legal-immigration process, and, after all the special interests had had their say, it wound up with nearly a 40 per cent increase in overall numbers and almost no change in the selection process. Again, our congressmen went home satisfied that they had heard the last of this issue.

Now immigration is back on the congressional docket. Spurred by demands from the governors of several big states that Congress reimburse them for the spiraling cost of services they are required to provide illegal aliens, many congressmen have come to recognize that the 1986 crackdown on illegal immigration contains a major structural flaw: it has no teeth.

More grudgingly, Congress is coming to see that the 1990 "reforms" of the legal-immigration process, which raised the quotas to 700,000 annually, were probably a mistake. Even Alan Simpson—long a proponent of generous levels of legal immigration, even as he has fought to control illegal immigration—now sees the need to reduce all forms of immigration; he has introduced a bill that would roll back the 1990 increases.

Simpson's newly minted Comprehensive Immigration and Asylum Reform Act of 1994 was introduced on March 2. In addition to cracking down on illegal immigration and abuse of political asylum, the bill calls for a five-year reduction in immigration quotas to 500,000 annually (about the levels we started at in 1990). The Simpson bill has bipartisan support, including such heavy hitters as Appropriations Committee Chairman Robert Byrd and Senate Minority Leader Bob Dole—an acknowledgment by both the Democratic and Republican leadership that our entire immigration system is seriously flawed.

This bill is a sort of watered-down version of legislation introduced last summer by Democratic Senator Harry Reid of Nevada. Reid's Immigration Stabilization Act, like the new Simpson bill, would retrofit IRCA's provisions against illegal immigration with a sturdy set of dentures while permanently rolling back legal-immigration levels to 325,000 annually. In an effort to attract support from the more liberal wing of his party, Reid has retooled his bill, deleting a controversial provision that would have denied automatic citizenship to U.S.-born children of illegal immigrants.

The increased legislative activity is all to the good, but those in favor of comprehensive immigration reform still face a brick wall known as Ted Kennedy, who treats U.S. immigration policy as if it were his own private fiefdom. An anonymous Democratic staffer on Kennedy's Immigration Subcommittee (nobody on either the majority or the minority side seems to want to be quoted for attribution) told the *San Diego Union-Tribune* that even Simpson's modest proposal for reducing immigration "isn't going to see the light of day."

Simpson's staff expects that largely as a result of their close personal relationship, Kennedy will grant Simpson a hearing for his bill. However, Kennedy's staff has made clear that this will be nothing more than a courtesy to his long-time colleague. "There will be oversight hearings, and all this stuff will be brought up, but that will be all," Kennedy's staffer told the *Union-Tribune*. Reid is under no illusions about *his* chances of getting a hearing before Kennedy's committee.

And so, while no one is willing to say it for the record, everyone working on this issue knows that the road to reforming America's immigration laws will ultimately have to go around Kennedy rather than through him. Since the Senate does not have the sorts of rules about germaneness that exist in the House, the reforms in Reid's bill could be introduced—in small pieces, or even in their entirety—as amendments to other legislation. Bolstered by his increased stature as a party leader (he is being discussed, albeit as a longshot, to succeed George Mitchell as majority leader), Reid may now be able to make an end run around Kennedy if he is so inclined.

If neither the Simpson nor the Reid reforms succeed in fixing the problems

Mr. Mehlman is media-outreach director of the Federation for American Immigration Reform.

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that both parties now admit exist, a much simpler alternative has been broached in the House of Representatives: an outright immigration moratorium. Introduced in January by Republican Bob Stump of Arizona, the moratorium bill has surprised nearly everyone by attracting 61 co-sponsors, 17 of them Democrats. Stump's bill would simply declare an indefinite halt to immigration, excepting only refugees, and spouses and minor children of U.S. citizens, who now number about 170,000 admissions a year.

"The American people," says Stump, "are sick of footing the bill" for the costs of immigration, which are estimated in the tens of billions of dollars each year. And he believes the only way Congress will ever really rid itself of this issue is to enact sweeping reforms. Of Simpson's five-year reduction to 500,000, Stump says, "I don't think he goes far enough."

Stump knows it will not be easy to get hearings for a bill introduced by a member of the minority party on a subject the leadership is not anxious to tackle. However, he is not discouraged. "It's a matter of time" until Congress is forced to pass real reform, Stump predicts. "This issue has really just surfaced in the past few years. People just now are becoming aware of the enormous costs" of our immigration policies.

Congressman James Bilbray—like Reid, a Nevada Democrat—has introduced legislation virtually identical to Reid's. Bilbray places the odds of immigration reform this year at about 50–50, and warns that there will be a political price to pay for inaction. "If we don't push it out this year we're crazy," says Bilbray. "I think there's a clamor out there for us to do something. If we don't, it's going to get worse and worse and worse."

Three options are emerging for Congress. The first is the Kennedy approach, which is to do nothing and hope that if the economy improves sufficiently, the issue will lose some of its saliency with the American public. The second is the path favored by Simpson, which is to make a small, temporary cut in immigration levels and postpone a final decision on U.S. immigration policy for another five years. The third approach, championed by Reid, Bilbray, Stump, and others, is to bite the bullet and institute comprehensive reform.

For the first time there may be an emerging consensus in Congress that a complete overhaul of the immigration system might be preferable to the aggravation of quadrennial repair jobs. □

Italy at a Crossroads

RADEK SIKORSKI

ROME

"THE BEAUTY and splendor of the modern city may be ascribed to the abuses of the government, to the influence of superstition," wrote Edward Gibbon in a postscript to *The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire* in 1787. He was comparing the Rome of his era to the ancient city, but not much has changed since then. At my hotel, the venerable Raphael, Bettino Craxi was holding court in the tea rooms, albeit to a diminishing crowd of ever-seedier followers: Craxi has been implicated in the vast bribery scandal which has unfolded here over the past two years, the scandal that has brought Italy's entire political class into disrepute.

Yet Rome looks prosperous, and the north of the country even more so. Why did rich, successful Italians put up with poor governments for so long? Curiously, Italian corruption turns out to have been a side-effect of the Cold War. Everyone knew that both the Christian Democrats and the Socialists—the dominant political forces in Italy since the Second World War—were corrupt and incompetent, but they prevented the unthinkable: a victory of the Italian Communist Party. An extreme form of proportional representation, combined with a fear of Communism, kept the same corrupt government coalitions in power year in and year out. Italy's political dilemma since the war was once summed up by Indro Montanelli, the respected editor of the Milan daily *Il Giornale*: "Hold your nose and vote for the Christian Democrats."

It was not always a happy compromise. With the same people always in charge, political and economic crises were merely pretexts to borrow ever more money to finance the ever-growing state. Italy has run some of the highest deficits in the industrialized world and has accumulated one of the highest public debts. (Public spending still accounts for an incredible 57 per cent of GDP.) At the same time, tax evasion became a national sport. Nobody could pay all the two hundred taxes on the books, so everybody broke the law. As fewer people paid honestly, the state needed more arbitrary powers in order to squeeze any money out of citizens at all. The state became large, weak, and arbitrary at the same time. The fearsome *Guardia di Finanza* (Fiscal Police) could at any time arrest you for the nonpayment of your pet tax or your fur-coat tax. The fact that, despite its government, Italy became the fifth largest industrial power is surely the eighth wonder of the world.

All along, contrary to the stereotype, most patriotic Italians wanted to be well governed. Their chance came from an unexpected quarter. In January 1992, one Luca Magni, a 33-year-old proprietor of an 18-man cleaning company, won a contract to clean an old-people's home in Milan. When its manager, a Socialist Party nominee called Mario Chiesa, demanded the customary 10 per cent kickback, Magni paid a part, but then changed his mind and went to the police. He chanced upon an ambitious young prosecutor, Antonio di Pietro. Magni's subsequent meeting with Chiesa was bugged and, to ensure the largest political impact, broadcast live to every police car in Milan. When arrested, Chiesa pointed to others, who pointed to others, who pointed to others. Eventually, the whole postwar Italian establishment was brought down in dishonor. When the parliament dissolved to make way for the forthcoming elections—which are taking place under a reformed electoral law—half of its members, including several former prime ministers, were under investigation for corruption.

For many months it looked as if the only possible beneficiary of the old regime's collapse could be the renamed Communist Party, the PDS (Democratic Party of the Left). A visit to its

Mr. Sikorski is NR*'s roving correspondent.*

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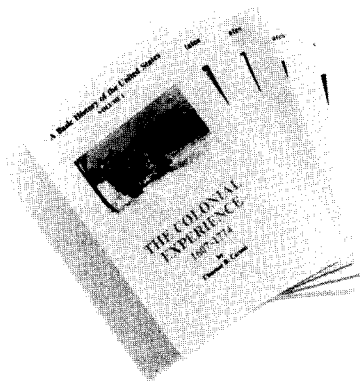

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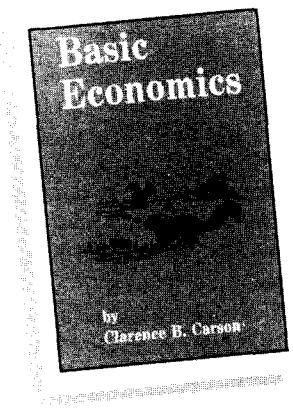

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Rome headquarters is something of a shock: a large bronze hammer-and-sickle in the lobby brought me up sharply. (One wonders whether the media would be equally indulgent if the post-fascist MSI dared to sport a swastika.) The rest of the building—the old filing cabinets, the murky corridors, the smoke-filled rooms—oozes the atmosphere of an old-fashioned trade-union headquarters. The PDS has adopted a studiously moderate stance. Its manifestoes, though still heavy with post-Marxist jargon, mention approvingly such bourgeois concepts as "privatization" and pledge to continue the caretaker government's deficit-cutting program. This blend of electoral promises and new-found pragmatism has served the party well in recent local elections. By the will of the people, the PDS's banner flutters over Rome's town hall on the Capitoline Hill, overlooking the Roman Forum. But the PDS is still a hostage of its past ideology and of its working-class electorate. Achille Occhetto, the party's leader, stated in a recent speech that the PDS is "proud" of its Communist roots. Its solution to Italy's economic ills is interventionist, statist, and Keynesian.

Its success in the elections on March 27 would have been assured had it not been for the dramatic entry into the electoral contest of the media magnate Silvio Berlusconi. After only two months' existence, the Freedom Alliance which his new party, Forza Italia (Let's go, Italy), has forged with the separatist Northern League and the post-fascist National Alliance commands about half of the votes, compared to the PDS alliance's share of about 34 per cent. For the first time Italians have the choice between two distinct programs. Forza Italia's, as expounded by its economic spokesman and possible future finance minister, Professor Antonio Martino (a biographer of Milton Friedman and a NATIONAL REVIEW subscriber), could not be clearer. Driving public spending permanently below 40 per cent of GDP, reducing the income tax to a standard rate of 30 per cent (the poor would get generous allowances), offering school and health-care vouchers, farming out taxes to the provinces—the measures, if adopted, would go beyond Margaret Thatcher's British revolution.

Forza Italia may also be in a good position to reform Italy's notoriously inefficient bureaucracy. Its headquarters look old-fashioned, but only from the outside—it is, after all, a restored Roman palace. Inside, everything is spanking white, computers hum, and beautiful people dash gracefully about. One's field of vision is dominated by cashmere, designer suits, and what must be the highest concentration of mobile phones in the world. I wished I were Italian when two leggy girls asked me if I would like to join the youth section.

"We are trying to apply the latest management techniques," explained General Luigi Caligares, lately of the carabinieri and now the party's chief of staff. Forza's candidates—none of whom has ever been in politics before—have been groomed in interviewing techniques and parliamentary procedures. A database of political information is being put together, to which local chapters will have access by e-mail—still a novelty in Europe. One suspects that Mr. Berlusconi's ambition is not only to make Italian trains run on time, but to privatize them and make them turn a profit.

His dash for political power raises legitimate questions. After all, eyebrows would be raised in the U.S. if Rupert Murdoch tried to run for office. Mr. Berlusconi not only owns about half of the Italian media, but has important interests in manufacturing, publishing, advertising, retail enterprises, and sport. Sparks have already flown at *Il Giornale*, which he owns, when it tried to endorse a different contender. When Mr. Berlusconi imposed his authority, many journalists left, including the veteran editor, Indro Montanelli himself.

Yet the fact that Mr. Berlusconi is using his media outlets to promote his political party is hardly surprising. The media in mature democracies, be it the *Sun* in Britain or the *New York Times* in the U.S., are scarcely paragons of impartiality at election times. And Mr. Berlusconi's opponents are hardly intimidated. Only last week, the supposedly impartial *L'Espresso* published a list of one hundred names "not to vote for." The number-one villain candidate was Forza Italia's Franco Zeffirelli, the film director.

Mr. Berlusconi is often presumed to be fighting for his business survival as well as a political future. His company, Finvest, has large debts (reportedly still amply covered by assets) and the PDS wants to take away some of his profitable TV licenses. But although one can hardly blame the man for defending himself against expropriation, it isn't clear how he would separate his role as arbiter of the market game from his guise as one of its major players. If Italy is to have confidence in him, Mr. Berlusconi will have to devise a way of resolving such massive conflicts of interest.

The election may decide whether Italy becomes a modern democracy or remains Europe's laughingstock. The revolution could yet be strangled at birth: the new electoral law still makes it difficult for Italians to elect a majority government. With luck, though, the new MPs may be able to rewrite the law, or may even opt for a major constitutional change: an American-style presidency. What is certain is that for once the Italians do not have to hold their noses in the voting booths. They seem inclined to keep their fingers crossed instead. □

The Democrats' Welfare Trap

JOSHUA ABRAMOWITZ

WASHINGTON, D.C.

ONE MIGHT think President Clinton would be anxious to shift attention away from his embattled health-care proposal and his personal financial dealings, and onto welfare reform. After all, welfare reform is nothing if not popular. During his campaign, Mr. Clinton found that merely running a pro-welfare-reform television ad could temporarily boost his support. And reform might even make a real improvement in people's lives.

Perhaps. But Mr. Clinton's fellow Democrats are deeply divided on the issue. Moderate factions agree with the President, but a large liberal bloc is firmly opposed to anything resembling substantive reform.

The strongest opposition is in the House of Representatives, where

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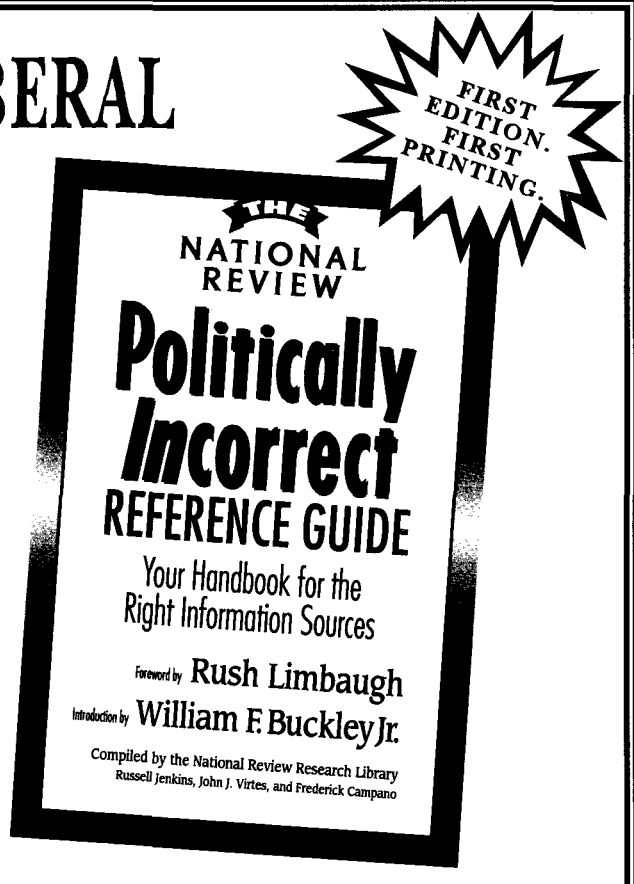
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many liberal Democrats represent poor districts. These congressmen see welfare reform as a slab of red meat the President will toss to his conservative critics—at their, and their constituents', expense.

Eighty-nine members of Congress—led by Bernie Sanders (Ind., Vt.), the House's lone official Socialist, and Patsy Mink (D., Hawaii)—sent a strongly worded letter to the White House a few months ago. The letter leaves little room for compromise: the group is firmly opposed to Clinton's two-years-and-off proposal. Time limits are at the heart of any serious welfare-reform proposal, but in the eyes of this group they are "unacceptably arbitrary."

Unions are also unhappy. If welfare recipients were suddenly required to enter the workforce, there might be a flood of over a million new workers on the market, all looking for low-skill jobs. The competition for these slots, unions worry, could cost current workers their jobs, or at least drive down wages. Unions carry a lot of weight with congressional Democrats (almost all of whom receive some support from organized labor) and they are already upset with President Clinton for his support of NAFTA. He is not eager to upset them again.

On the other side, there are the moderates. Most notably, 77 Democrats have coalesced around the Mainstream Forum, a group founded by Congressman Dave McCurdy of Oklahoma. Basically, this group is in Clinton's corner, or at least the corner he was in during his campaign.

But some quick math reveals that with 89 liberals in opposition (the Sanders–Mink group), the Democrats will be unable, on their own, to pass the kind of welfare-reform bill that candidate Clinton promised. The Administration will need to settle for either a watered-down bill that will please the Left, or a spiced-up bill that will split the Democrats but win Republican support.

The latter strategy would be difficult for Mr. Clinton. House Republicans are solidly behind a welfare-reform measure that is too tough for many Democrats to swallow. For instance, it would require mothers on welfare to register the father of each child. No registration, no benefits. And it would require that AFDC be withheld altogether from minors who have children.

The other possible strategy—a bill watered down to please the Democratic Left—would probably not amount to much more than some training and work programs. If the President adopted this strategy, he would be breaking his promise on welfare, and Democrats would be under attack nationwide in this fall's congressional elections.

So what's a New Democrat to do? Go left or right? It appears as if—no surprise here—the Administration will try to go in both directions at once.

The task force responsible for drafting the welfare-reform bill (expected to be released sometime this spring) is led by a troika, of whom one, Bruce Reed, is a comparatively conservative, Democratic Leadership Council–type. The other two, David Ellwood and Mary Jo Bane, academics on leave from Harvard, are more liberal. They have long advocated reforms that would push those on welfare toward self-sufficiency by "making work pay"—that is, those who worked full time would receive sufficient pay and benefits to keep their families out of poverty. Professors Ellwood and Bane's academic proposals have very heavily influenced the President's own ideas on welfare reform.

Stephen Moros

The task force was extremely secretive when it passed out copies of a tentative proposal at a Cabinet meeting a few weeks ago; each Cabinet member found his or her name stamped on each and every page of the proposal, to prevent anyone from removing any sheets. Some members were so bothered by the task force's secrecy that they freely shared the plan's details with the *New York Times*.

The proposal confirmed that the group has backed off the ambitious approach that the President promised during the campaign. As the American Enterprise Institute's Ben Wattenberg argues, "At best, long term, the proposal that has been floated will end too little of the welfare for too few of the people too little of the time." The two-years-and-off provision will initially apply only to those who were born after 1972. Others would be added to the program over the next decade. That would relieve about 75 per cent of recipients from the requirement to enter training and find jobs.

Why the scale-back? Partly because the Administration has had a look at the price tag. No matter how it's sliced, their proposal will cost billions.

But for Clinton, there is another big benefit to a smaller program. It may please moderates and conservatives less, but it will annoy liberals less, too. Unions and the Democratic Left still won't like the bill, but they will raise less of a ruckus if fewer of their constituents are affected.

Still, the Clinton bill will probably contain some of the provisions that infuriate the Left. The most controversial provision will allow states to deny additional benefits to women who have children while on welfare. The Sanders–Mink Democrats will surely be in opposition; they have attacked this and similar requirements in the past, saying they will "hurt needy families and do nothing to help them escape poverty."

Ultimately, the fate of welfare reform depends in large part on factors external to the bill itself. There is the matter of timing. Welfare must compete with health care for attention, and, given that health care affects many more voters, it is likely to win more attention. The Administration, meanwhile, doesn't want to make enemies of potential health-care allies.

Then there are election-year dynamics. Too little action on reform will leave Democrats vulnerable at election time; too much will split the party. For that reason, the Administration will probably release a bill this year but not press it very hard—and hope the electorate doesn't notice. □

Mr. Abramowitz is managing editor of The Public Interest.

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WHY ALL AMERICANS SHOULD SUPPORT A MORATORIUM ON IMMIGRATION

FACT: More alien workers entered the U.S. labor market in 1992 than jobs were created, according to Immigration Service and Department of Labor statistics. America's disadvantaged workers suffer disproportionately from the steady influx of low-skilled, low-wage labor. The Zöe Baird incident was only the tip of the iceberg.

FACT: The Census Bureau now projects that there will be 392 million Americans in 2050, largely because of what *The Washington Post* describes as "massive immigration." That's 65 percent more Americans than there are today, and 92 million more than the Census Bureau projected just four years ago.

FACT: Thousands of illegal immigrants enter the country every day—3 million illegal entries a year. The law admits more immigrants and other workers than the economy can absorb. Fake documents are easily obtained, providing access to benefits meant for legal residents.

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RANDOM WALK

■ "I don't have a better arrow in my quiver when I try to sell businesses on Wisconsin," Governor Tommy Thompson says of his state's 60 per cent capital-gains exclusion. Thanks to Thompson's tax-cutting strategies, Wisconsin has become a business safe haven of sorts since 1987, with 350,000 new jobs and a Manufacturing Climate index that has catapulted from 37th in the nation to 3rd.

Supply-side policies are back in favor—at least in state capitols. Fiscal analyst John Berthoud of the American Legislative Exchange Council predicts that 1994 should be the biggest tax-cutting year since the mid 1980s for states. Count on about twenty of them to cut taxes by as much as $6 billion next year—negating about 10 per cent of Clinton's tax hikes. The biggest cuts have been proposed by Kirk Fordice of Mississippi, Bill Weld of Massachusetts, Fife Symington of Arizona, and newly elected supply-sider Christine Todd Whitman of New Jersey. Even Mario Cuomo is talking business tax cuts—though Tom Carroll of Change-NY warns that Cuomo's rhetoric and his program are miles apart.

That's unfortunate for New Yorkers. A recent *Forbes* notes that New York accounts for fully one-third of all the jobs lost in the United States in the 1991–92 recession. Meanwhile, in fast-growing North Carolina one can't help noticing the increasing population of Yankees and the billboards with such messages as: "Thank you, Jim Florio." Move your business to Kentucky and you may be eligible for a tax break to cover half your start-up costs and half your rent for ten years. Alabama, Indiana, and South Carolina have adopted similar incentives.

Even the conventional demand-siders at *BusinessWeek* have awakened to the supply-side trend. A recent story reports that "State tax cuts are back in vogue" because they are "proven growth boosters." But if you want to escape Clinton's taxes, the best bet is to relocate in the Caymans.

■ With great fanfare, Commerce Secretary Ron Brown just released the findings of a mammoth 300-page, $500,000 Commerce Department study, which surveyed, incredibly, 70,000 manufacturers over a 15-year period. Brown summarized the findings of this magnum opus by saying: "This study reveals that the process of ongoing economic change is more dynamic than previously thought. In fact, the process of job creation is closely tied to the competitive success of individual plants and firms." Wow! But wait—there's more. "Key finding" number 2 is: "Most jobs are lost at plants that can't compete and shut down or scale back dramatically." Who woulda thunk it?

So I surveyed four corporate CEOs, who have created thousands of jobs, asking them how Washington can help reduce unemployment. Their unanimous advice to Ron Brown: Close down the Commerce Department.

■ My favorite line in *Animal House* is when Dean Wormer screams at Flounder: "Fat, drunk, and stupid is no way to go through life, son."

Oh, how wrong he was. Under the Americans with Disabilities Act—the law that says that one of every five Americans is disabled—overweight people are added to the list of specially protected citizens. Late last year a 300-pound Rhode Island woman won $100,000 in damages under the ADA from an employer who refused to hire her. And now a 350-pound Tennessee woman wants $1.5 million "emotional suffering" compensation from a movie theater whose seats could not accommodate her.

An attorney friend at the Equal Employment Opportunity Commission told me that although obesity is not a "traditional" disability, and although it is possible for a fat person to lose weight, "it is not necessary for a condition to be involuntary or immutable to be covered" under the ADA.

That means that for the first time statutory protection—formerly confined to "immutable traits" such as race, sex, age, and true disability—may now be extended to conditions that individuals can control, such as alcohol abuse and overeating. But why stop with looks protection? What about someone who doesn't take showers? Or people with bad personalities (e.g., New Yorkers)?

The irony of all this is that for years, the fat lobby has fought to prohibit obesity from being categorized as a disability. This was so the overweight would not be discriminated against by life- and health-insurance companies—even though they are much higher health risks. Now, to fight job discrimination they are claiming they *do* have a disability.

Which is right? A study by Claude Bouchard of Laval University indicates that only 25 per cent of weight problems are due to genes—the rest are due to overeating, lack of exercise, and other personal decisions.

Regardless, the courts declare that employers must make their offices fat-friendly. Also, beginning this summer the ADA will apply to all firms with 15 workers or more. And Ron Brown wonders why firms aren't hiring.

—GEKKO

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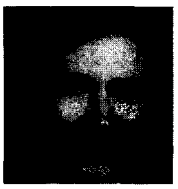

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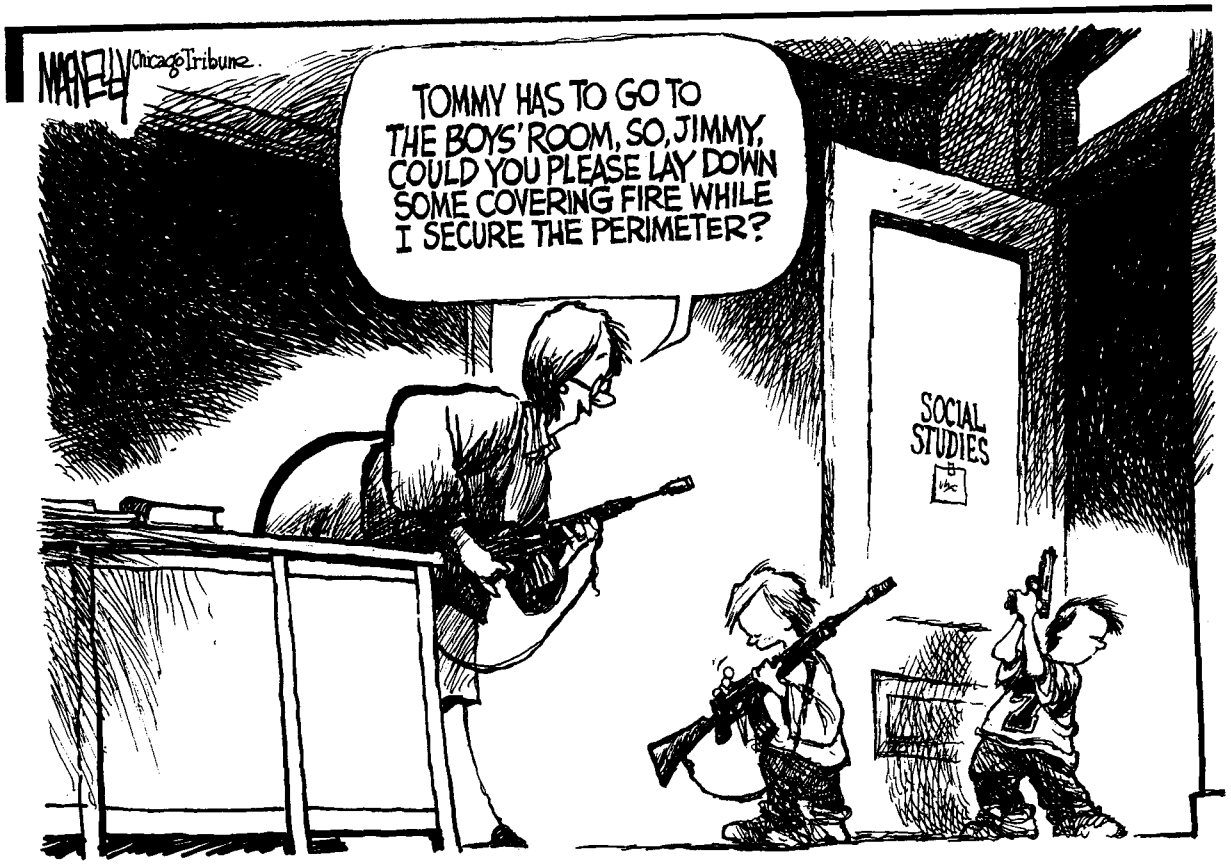
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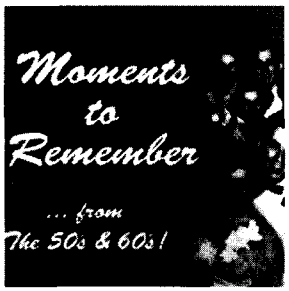

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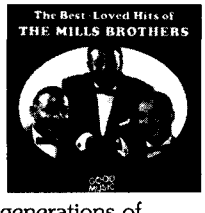

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The Ronald Comeau Story

THE RIGHT TO DIE, THE POWER TO KILL

It is natural to want to end hopeless suffering. But where do we draw the line between eschewing extraordinary treatments, and killing?

WESLEY J. SMITH

IT WAS June 21, 1993. For thirty-year-old drifter Ronald Comeau, the day seemed to mark the end of the road. Under arrest in the small community of Bennington, Vermont, accused of robbing another homeless man, Ron was alone, seemingly with no one to turn to. It had been a long time since he had seen his father, and their relationship had never been good. His mother had no phone. He hadn't seen his brothers for nearly seven years. Even the police didn't care enough to watch him in the holding cell.

Minutes after being locked up, police say, he was found hanging from a noose he had made out of the trim of a cheap jail blanket.

The police cut him down. There was no pulse. He didn't appear to be breathing. Paramedics were called, CPR administered. Then, a weak pulse—maybe.

The paramedics arrived. More CPR. Then, a wailing ambulance ride to the Southwestern Vermont Medical Center. In the emergency room, Ron was given advanced life support. An injection of atropine. Two shots of electricity to restart the heart. It worked. After about 15 minutes without a pulse, Ron had a steady heartbeat.

Nothing unusual here. Go to any big-city hospital, or even small-town medical center, and you will find the unwanted, suffering through their last hours, who are helped as much as possible and then soon forgotten. But few would forget Ronald Comeau. Not the staff of the Southwestern Vermont Medical Center; and certainly not people such as clergyman Mike McHugh, retired teacher Joseph Schaaf, psychiatrist Peter Zorach, attorney Stephen Saltonstall, and Bennington Probate Court Judge Doris Buchanan. None of them knew it yet, but Ronald Comeau was about to become the center of a legal and emotional maelstrom.

Mr. Smith, an attorney and consumer advocate, is the author of The Doctor Book *and* The Senior Citizens' Handbook.

Hopeless?

THE HOSPITAL located Ron's father, Renald Dupois of Maine, within hours. Amy Swisher, director of community relations for Southwestern Vermont Medical Center, says hospital personnel followed standard procedures in cases such as Ron's: they advised Mr. Dupois that his son was severely injured and might die, requested permission for HIV testing, and asked about the possibility of organ donation. There is some dispute as to the accuracy of this account. However, it is not disputed that Mr. Dupois did not come to his son's bedside and that, soon afterward, his phone was disconnected.

It was decided that Ron needed a guardian to make decisions on his behalf. Enter Joseph Schaaf, well known in the local legal community because of his volunteer work as a guardian *ad litem* (a temporary representative during a court case) in child-custody matters. He agreed to serve as Ron's permanent guardian without pay and was so appointed by Judge Buchanan on July 23.

By all accounts, Mr. Schaaf took his responsibilities very seriously, visiting Ron at least five days a week and discussing Ron's case with doctors and staff. By mid August, he had come to a difficult decision. Ron had been diagnosed as being in an irreversible persistent vegetative state. He was now awake, he had reflexes, but there appeared to be no cognitive ability whatsoever. Mr. Schaaf instructed Stephen Saltonstall, who was his pro-bono attorney in the Comeau matter,

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to seek permission from the Probate Court to remove the ventilator that aided Ron's breathing. This was expected to lead to the young man's death.

On August 17, a hearing was held before Judge Buchanan. Based on the testimony of the attending physician, Michael Algus, and a consulting neurologist, Keith Edwards, Judge Buchanan ruled that Ron was "unaware" of what was happening "around him and to him," and that there was "no reasonable possibility of recovery or improvement." Convinced it was in Ron's

Live and Let Die

"IF WE put dogs out of their misery, we should be at least as kind to human beings." That sentiment, voiced by a supporter of the Hemlock Society, may seem gross, but it has surprising resonance with, for instance, the citizens of Michigan who support "the suicide doctor," Jack Kevorkian. In its current phase, the "right to die" debate goes back more than twenty years. Most states have now enacted "living will" and "health-care proxy" laws. The living will specifies what kinds of life support are to be withdrawn or withheld in the event of mental incompetency; health-care proxy allows patients to appoint someone else to make decisions for them.

The first living-will law, enacted by California in 1976, authorized only the refusal of extraordinary measures in cases of advanced terminal illness. Laws have now been greatly expanded to allow the withdrawal of basic forms of care such as food and fluids from patients who are not "terminal" in the traditional sense. The federal Patient Self-Determination Act of 1990 requires hospitals to inform patients of their rights under state laws. Today the "right to die" movement advocates "automatic proxy" statutes that would give a designated person broad powers to make life-and-death decisions for the incompetent patient who never appointed a proxy or signed a living will.

The courts have also been in an expansive mode. In the Karen Quinlan case, the New Jersey Supreme Court in 1976 based the right to refuse a respirator on broad constitutional grounds, including the "right to privacy" that was key to *Roe* v. *Wade*. In that and other cases, courts have, somewhat ironically, cited individual freedom and "privacy" to justify making decisions for incompetent patients who never indicated their own wishes. In addition, the right to refuse life support has been exercised by others, usually by family members, employing "substituted judgment." In the 1980s, New Jersey, Massachusetts, and California courts expanded substituted decision-making to include the withdrawal of food and fluids.

Courts in New York and Missouri have been more cautious, requiring "clear and convincing evidence" of the patient's own past wishes before feeding tubes are withdrawn. From Missouri the *Cruzan* case went to the U.S. Supreme Court, which in 1990 ruled that, even if patients have a right to refuse life support, the state is not required to give family members such a right when there is no clear evidence of the patient's own wishes. Yet Nancy Cruzan was allowed to die of dehydration after new witnesses came forward to claim that she had told them she wished to die in the event of permanent disability. In 1993 Missouri allowed Pete Busalacchi to arrange for the death of his daughter Christine, although there was no evidence regarding her own wishes.

There is also a move to deny life support even when patients or their families clearly do want such support. A "reasonable person" standard is used to limit treatment. Thus a seriously ill person may be denied treatment on the grounds that he is making an irrational claim on scarce resources. Moreover, in May 1993, the *Journal of the American Medical Association* editorialized in favor of a "futile care" standard for withdrawing life support. The Clinton Administration has granted a Medicaid waiver to Oregon for a rationing plan that denies some forms of life-sustaining care to seriously ill indigent patients. Rationing life-sustaining treatment—turning the legal "right to die" into an economic "duty to die"—could become a major controversy in the debate over health-care reform.

Then there is active euthanasia and physician-assisted suicide. In the late 1980s, initiatives to legalize such practices failed to qualify for state ballots in Oregon and California. They did make it to the ballot in Washington in 1991 and in California in 1992, but were turned down by margins of 54 to 46 per cent. A more artfully worded initiative is being prepared for Oregon's vote this November. Euthanasia bills have been considered also by several state legislatures, but none has been enacted. In fact, Michigan and other states have enacted new laws making it clear that assisted suicide is illegal.

Having failed so far in the democratic process, euthanasia backers are going to court. Two Michigan judges have found that state's new law unconstitutional, but their decisions are being appealed. In Washington state, a suit has been brought in federal court claiming that laws against assisted suicide violate the "equal protection" clause of the U.S. Constitution. The argument is that competent patients can exercise their "right to die" while incompetent patients cannot. Critics and supporters alike have suggested that one of these cases may become "the *Roe* v. *Wade* of euthanasia."

Sobered by the mushrooming of involuntary euthanasia in the Netherlands and mindful of the mandate "always to care, never to kill," medical associations in this country are opposing physician-assisted suicide. Despite polls indicating high public support for the practice, when confronted with the choice voters have so far had second thoughts. But then, as always, there are the judges, and they may discover that "the living constitution" comes down on the side of death. —RICHARD JOHN NEUHAUS

Fr. Neuhaus is NR*'s religion editor.*

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Harold Johnson

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CITIZENS AND IMMIGRATION

EDWARD J. ERLER

IN *Nishimura v. U.S.* in 1892, the Supreme Court recognized "an accepted maxim of international law, that every sovereign nation has the power, as inherent in sovereignty, and essential to self-preservation, to forbid the entrance of foreigners within its dominions, or to admit them only in such cases and upon such conditions as it may see fit to prescribe." In losing control of its borders, the United States today has relinquished a significant aspect of its sovereignty. The question is how to get it back.

No issue in this context is more interesting or important than the constitutionality of denying automatic citizenship to children of illegal aliens. Even California Governor Pete Wilson, who has argued for curtailing such citizenship, has called for doing so through a constitutional amendment. But is an amendment necessary?

A close reading of our laws and history says no: the claim that the children of illegals are citizens by right is without warrant in the text and traditions of the Constitution.

(Continues on page West-5)

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THE WEEK IN THE WEST

■ Pete Wilson's poll numbers are on the rise, if still somewhat hesitantly. Looks like the L.A. earthquake gave him some momentum. As a writer to Herb Caen of the *San Francisco Chronicle* suggested, all the governor needs is three or four more disasters and he's home free. Could their names be Brown, Garamendi, and Hayden?

■ He was sorry to inconvenience anybody, but former California state Senator Paul Carpenter had a last-minute scheduling conflict and, darnit, had to miss his sentencing hearing for a felony conviction for accepting bribes. The longtime Democratic pol, suffering from cancer, was thoughtful enough to send the judge a letter of regret: He'll be seeking treatment outside the United States, he explained, adding this note of amplification: "In the present instance I find my drive for survival stronger than my obligation to your legal system." *Your* system? Some might think those curious words coming from one who spent years writing laws in Sacramento and, later, enforcing the state's brutish tax code as a member of the Board of Equalization. But of course it's actually nothing new for politicians to view themselves as somehow beyond the codes they devise for the rest of us. At any rate, you'll be glad to know the fugitive Mr. Carpenter is free to collect his $1,842.20 per month state pension in whatever tropical clime he has spirited himself to. Any teller machine will dispense the dough, and, by state law, the name and location of the bank must be kept confidential. Robert Vesco should have had it so easy.

■ When Dianne Feinstein was *running* for the Senate, she was all for the balanced-budget amendment. That was then. Now, there are all those grave complexities that have to be considered—like how will her party survive if it has to curtail a lot of the vote-buying social programs it specializes in. So she opposed an amendment that had teeth—in the form of a three-fifths supermajority needed to override it—voting instead for a substitute that boasted all the solidity of warm Jello. Which is a good metaphor for Mrs. Feinstein herself on the tough issues.

■ It's frustrating to be a California TV viewer these days. The darn TV stations keep interrupting Michael Huffington commercials to air entertainment programming.

■ One recent rainy morning, traffic was jammed along Southern California freeways, except, of course, in the carpool lanes, which are inaccessible to most drivers because of the inconvenience or impracticality of carpooling. If you were listening to KNX-AM radio, you would have heard Governor Pete Wilson phoning in, on his way to his office in downtown L.A. He was calling from a carpool lane on the I-10 freeway, he boasted. Apparently he believed this would go over well with all the motorist-voters who were tuned in. Sorry, Mr. Wilson, but the bureaucrats' idea of nirvana—neat and tidy in which everyone abandons the selfishness of individual automobiles for the glories of communal commuting—hasn't quite caught on with Jack and Jane Lunchbucket, no matter how wonderful it seems when you're whizzing down the Diamond Lane in a car full of staffers and security folk. In fact, we suspect some of Mr. Wilson's radio audience secretly wished the gubernatorial limo might run into Jack Nicholson's.

■ Has John Garamendi been taking stonewalling lessons from Bill Clinton and Janet Reno? California's insurance commissioner and would-be governor displayed the same kind of aggressive secretiveness as the shielders of Whitewater documents when he was confronted with a newspaper investigation into

"He wants to return to the scene of the crime."

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his agency's operations. Nevertheless, with the aid of court orders, the *Sacramento Bee* was eventually able to pry the relevant records out of the Department of Insurance. The tale they tell isn't for the weak of stomach. In handling a wave of alleged insurance-fraud cases, Mr. Garamendi's minions exhibited a talent for "virtual chaos," as the *Bee*'s Dan Walters put it. Among their achievements: "disposing of seized assets for pennies on the dollar, playing the stock market with money they found in company bank accounts, distributing millions of dollars to law firms for ill-defined services and giving short shrift to policyholders and others whose interests they were supposed to be protecting." How 'bout this for a campaign slogan: Make Garamendi Governor—and he won't be Insurance Commissioner?

■ The *Portland Oregonian* declared, on the one hand, that Tonya Harding should be allowed to skate at the Olympics on the grounds she is innocent until proven guilty; while, on the other hand, Senator Bob Packwood should resign immediately, even though none of the sexual-harassment charges against him has yet been adjudicated. Some readers thought they saw a double standard here, but the paper, in a chin-stroking editorial, harrumphed that they were wrong.

■ It seems one California semi-celebrity does not have to worry about the media hounding her at all hours of the day. Paula Jones, the former Arkansas state employee who alleged a few weeks back that Bill Clinton sexually harassed her when he was governor, told assembled Washington reporters that she lives on the West Coast. But if there have been efforts to search her out for more extensive statements, you couldn't tell it by watching the evening news, where her 15 minutes were allowed to lapse in about half that time. She might as well be in the Federal Witness Protection Program, she's so guaranteed of obscurity. Think, though, if she'd brought a charge against Clarence Thomas: even now, they'd

WEST WORLD

■ Something you won't hear from **Hillary Clinton**: Oregon's new universal health coverage for the poor is already over budget. Officials had expected 13,100 to enroll by the end of March, but nearly 25,000 had applied by early March.

■ Latest NTU ranking of federal lawmakers puts Nevada "conservative" Democrat **Harry Reid** in the top ten of Senate spenders, with $32 billion worth of spending proposals. . . . California's **Dianne Feinstein** outpaced him with $42 billion in new federal check-writing in 1993. . . . Outside analysts estimate annual cost of bilingual education in California at least $250 million. Assemblyman **W. J. "Pete" Knight**, Republican of Palmdale, has responded with a bill to end perverse incentives by no longer rewarding schools for the number of kids they park in bilingual classes. . . . It was Assemblyman **Jan Goldsmith**, Republican from San Diego County, who organized videotaped sting that revealed Mexican kids crossing border daily to attend classes in the Mountain Empire School District—transported by district buses. . . . Councilman **Zev Yaroslavsky** has railed against **Richard Riordan**'s privatization plans, suggesting he won't be friend of efficiency measures if, as expected, Yaroslavsky wins seat on the L.A. Board of Supervisors being vacated by **Ed Edelman**. . . . Guns are being raffled by supporters of the recall drive against Sen. **David Roberti**, Democrat of Van Nuys, one of the California legislature's biggest gun-control enthusiasts. . . . Arizona Republican Congressman **John Kyl**, one of the House's solid conservatives, had $1.3 million in campaign war chest at end of 1993, making credible vow to spend up to $4 million in the race for Senate seat held by retiring Democrat **Dennis DeConcini**. None of the three Democratic candidates—Secretary of State **Dick Mahoney**, state Rep. **Cathy Eden**, or Congressman **Sam Coppersmith**—has raised anything close to Kyl's cache. . . . Will San Francisco get a Democratic version of Riordan? Millionaire businessman and lawyer **Lou Giraudo** making moves to run for mayor. Like Riordan, he starts with far less name ID than major candidates **Frank Jordan** (the incumbent) and Supervisor **Angela Alioto**; he's never held elective office and is considered middle-of-the-road . . . . But moderate reputation undermined by the fact he's being advised by stridently liberal Assemblyman **John Burton**.

■ "The great bailout has begun," writes the *San Diego Union-Tribune*'s **Ed Mendal**, of term limits' effect on California legislature. At least 22 out of the 80 Assembly members are leaving. . . . **William Dwyer**, federal judge in Washington who struck down term limits for Congressmen, boasts history of liberal activism—first Spotted Owl, now endangered lawmakers.

■ Student columnist **Mark Hardie**, a black conservative, quit UC Riverside's campus newspaper, claiming threats from black militants: "It's because I'm a Republican. I wanted to be a spokesman for black Republicans and the Republican perspective in general." . . . Winners of 1994 media awards from GLAAD—Gay and Lesbian Alliance Against Defamation/Los Angeles—include Aaron Spelling for "production of inclusive television programming"; *Other Mothers*, a CBS Afterschool Special illustrating "a young boy coming to terms with peer pressure regarding his lesbian mothers"; and prime-time series, *Sisters*, for "a lesbian character in an ongoing story line." . . . Meanwhile, report from **Brent Bozell**'s Media Research Center reveals positive images of religion on network television are rare as ever.

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be getting her star ready for the Hollywood Walk of Fame.

■ Arizona Governor Fife Symington continues to go boldly where many politicians fear to tread. Mr. Symington marked the implementation of the Brady Bill—the new federal law mandating a waiting period for the purchase of a handgun—by decrying it as a violation of the Tenth Amendment, and promising a legal challenge. Now, most governors are probably better versed on the 31 flavors at Baskin Robbins than on the importance of the Bill of Rights—the last of them in particular, which just happens to suggest that the states and the people retain the bulk of the power. Mr. Symington, hailing from Goldwater Country, is something of a throwback in his passion for the principles of federalism. But dare we hope he might represent the *future* as well?

■ The opening of Denver's new airport was delayed when test luggage arrived on the carousel either damaged or open. We understand the problem: No airport can be considered ready for travelers until the luggage doesn't arrive at all.

Drawing the Line

ED ERLER's article in this issue makes a powerful case that automatic U.S. citizenship does *not* accrue to the children of illegal aliens. Indeed, it takes an inventive reading of the Fourteenth Amendment and the statements of its authors to argue otherwise. If California Governor Pete Wilson is serious about staunching the flow of subsidies to illegals, he should seize on this logic and demand that the courts pay attention. His quest for a constitutional amendment, a cumbersome and drawn-out process, never offered much hope of achieving anything anyway, other than passing the political buck. Now, Ed Erler shows it isn't necessary to change the Constitution to reassert sovereignty at the borders; doing so, in fact, would be an exercise in redundancy, because our fundamental law already prohibits giving legal status to aliens without the consent of the citizenry.

Abundant strategies are available for a litigation offensive. The governor could push to require that social-welfare recipients produce either a driver's li-

Guest Editorial

THE WIRES carried a report the other day about an 11-year-old Ohio boy who killed his three-year-old sister while imitating a "gangsta rap" star by dancing around with a loaded gun in his hand.

Now, the primary culpability in this tragedy lies in failed parental supervision and in whatever act of negligence allowed a deadly weapon into the youngster's hands. But the influence of an outrageous music genre is apparent here, just as it is in the general coarsening of the culture in which it sells.

A vast consensus seems to have concluded that gangsta rap is, to use one of the phrases that urban toughs have made their ironic emblem, a menace to society. Women, pastors, and others in the black communities from which these "songs" emanated have emerged as the most vocal critics of the abusive and violent texture of their lyrics. Police groups long ago realized they were the primary targets of homicidal suggestions in some of the recordings. Indeed, about the only people who defend these performers are the customers and record-company executives (in both cases, usually white) who make a market in such goods—and South-Central L.A. Congressman Maxine Waters.

"These are our children and they've invented a new art form to describe their pains, fears and frustrations with us as adults. Just because we don't like the symbols they use or the way they look, we should not allow that to cause us to embark on a course of censorship," she told the *Los Angeles Times* after similarly rebuking critics at a congressional hearing.

Representative Waters went on, "It scares the hell out of people when young black males get aggressive. Before rap, there was no other platform for talented people like Snoop [Doggy Dogg, under a murder indictment in Los Angeles], or Ice Cube, or Latifah to speak their minds. These are artists with a message and they're forcing America to listen."

The foul mouths of rap have been barred from respectable radio stations, but each addition to their notoriety only ensures further exposure. It's best to regard this phenomenon as simply a symptom of rot in the larger social context. The same might be said of public figures such as Representative Waters, who is also remembered for her coddling of gang members after the L.A. riots (and, ahem, for co-chairing Bill Clinton's presidential campaign). A political environment that rewards her is as unhealthy as an entertainment milieu in which young boys draw their inspiration from a street thug.

—TIM FERGUSON

Mr. Ferguson writes the "Business World" column for the Wall Street Journal.

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cense or a state identification card, neither of which can be issued to an illegal alien. If MALDEF objected, fine: See you in court.

Or he could reverse his opposition to the proposal by Senator Art Torres to turn over illegal aliens in jail to the feds. In vetoing the measure, Mr. Wilson said federal officials wouldn't accept these inmates; but in fact, whatever jurisdictional tussle might result would be a chance to bring the big questions of citizenship and aliens before federal judges. Cutting off public schooling for the children of illegals would offer the same opportunity. The Supreme Court ruling that originally mandated such funding was narrowly decided, and many of the justices that signed it have left the court. Time to press for reversal.

Geysers of tax dollars for illegals are slowly sinking California. State politicians can say the problem is beyond their power to fix. But that's true only if they lack imagination and boldness—and fealty to the Constitution as its authors intended it.

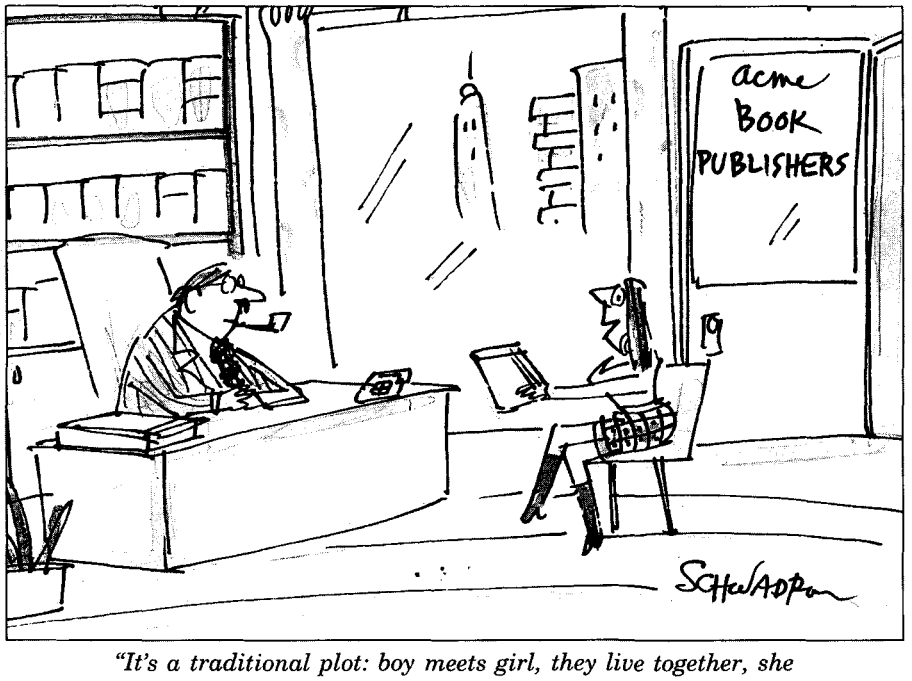
(Continued from page West-1)

Although the original Constitution uses the terms "citizens of the United States" and "natural born citizen," it nowhere defines citizenship. This may have been to avoid the divisive question of the citizen status of slaves. But in any case, immigration was not a great concern in the eighteenth century. All comers were accepted and there was room for all. The citizenship status of immigrants was not controversial, since all were in the country voluntarily and legally and could apply for citizenship under procedures specified by federal laws.

The Fourteenth Amendment in 1868 contained the first definition of citizenship to appear in the Constitution: "All persons born or naturalized in the United States and subject to the jurisdiction thereof, are citizens of the United States and of the State wherein they reside."

The immediate aim of that provision was to overturn the *Dred Scott* decision of 1857, which had proclaimed blacks of African descent ineligible for citizenship and included newly freed slaves in the federal definition of citizens. Today the Fourteenth Amendment's definition of citizenship is almost universally understood to cover all persons born in the country, regardless of legal status. But what is the meaning of the subordinate clause, "subject to the jurisdiction thereof"? Clearly these words were intended to limit or qualify the main clause. Only those persons "born to naturalized in" *and* "subject to the jurisdiction" of the U.S. are citizens. The precise meaning of the limitation, however, is not entirely clear and has received no authoritative interpretation by the Supreme Court.

But the legislative debates offer important insight. Lyman Trumbull, chairman of the Senate Judiciary Committee and a powerful supporter of the Fourteenth Amendment, said that the limiting clause refers to those



"It's a traditional plot: boy meets girl, they live together, she gets pregnant, they split, she sues for palimony and wins big, and she lives happily ever after."

"Not owing allegiance to anybody else . . . It is only those persons who come completely within our jurisdiction, who are subject to our laws, that we think of making citizens." Senator Jacob Howard, the author of the citizenship amendment, made the most precise statement on this: "[E]very person born within the limits of the United States, and subject to their jurisdiction, is by virtue of natural law and national law a citizen of the United States. This will not, of course, include persons born in the United States who are foreigners, aliens, who belong to the families of ambassadors or foreign ministers accredited to the Government of the United States, but will include every other class of persons."

Significantly, in addition to cataloging types of people born *in* the U.S. but *outside* its jurisdiction, Howard refers to "natural law" and "national law." Citizenship based on the former means that no person may rightfully be governed—or become a citizen—without his consent. Thus the Declaration of Independence proclaimed that legitimate governments derive "their just powers from the consent of the governed." The basis of consent is the social contract, as expressed in the Massachusetts Bill of Rights in 1780: "The body politic is formed by a voluntary association of individuals; it is a social compact by which *the whole peo-*

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ple covenants with each citizen and each citizen with the whole people that all shall be governed by certain laws for the common good."

As with all contracts, the social contract requires *reciprocal* consent. It cannot bind a non-party. Not only must the individual consent to be governed, he must be accepted by the community as a whole. Indeed, in *Elk v. Wilkins* in 1884, the Supreme Court noted that the jurisdiction requirement of the Fourteenth Amendment embodied "the principle that no one can become a citizen of a nation without its consent."

Granting automatic citizen status to all persons born within the geographical limits of the United States—even those whose parents are in the U.S. illegally—amounts to conferring citizenship without the consent of "the whole people."

By this understanding, illegal alien children would follow the citizenship of their parents. As for *legal* aliens, since their presence in the U.S. is sanctioned by law, a good case can be made that they are "subject to [U.S.] jurisdiction." Their children likely *do* acquire American citizenship at birth.

So it does not require a constitutional amendment to withhold citizenship from the children of illegals. Their parents are not subject to the jurisdiction of the U.S. Furthermore, they seek citizenship for them without the consent of the nation, which has specified the terms of its consent in the uniform rules for naturalization and laws governing immigration. Congress—which established these rules and laws under Article I, Section 8 of the Constitution—is fully competent, under the Fourteenth Amendment, to pass legislation defining those who are "subject to the jurisdiction" of the United States, thus setting the standards by which the contract of citizenship will be offered. □

Baby Boom

THE COST OF BENEFITS

K. L. BILLINGSLEY

INSIDE THE Beltway, everybody is talking welfare reform, by which at least some mean a trimming or ending of benefits with the goal of getting people out of dependency and into productive lives. But in the hinterlands, particularly the West, welfare "reform"—at least the kind implemented by the welfare bureaucracies themselves—means marketing their benefits to would-be recipients in other countries. This global investment strategy, as you might call it, even has its own ad campaign, helping to make welfare more than ever a growth industry.

"Medi-Cal has good news for pregnant women," reads a pamphlet, available in English and Spanish, from the San Bernardino County Department of Public Health.

"You do not need to be a citizen to get Medi-Cal," says the pamphlet, explaining a 1988 law that "allows Medi-Cal to pay for the doctor and the hospital during your pregnancy." Will accepting such care affect an amnesty application? "NO!" thunders the pamphlet. "Under the new law, Medi-Cal cannot report you to immigration for applying for, or receiving Medi-Cal while you are pregnant." What about any co-payments? No problem. "If you meet the income requirements, you will have no share of cost for pregnancy related services only."

According to a San Bernardino health official who did not want to be identified, this pamphlet was discontinued after a barrage of angry calls. But the official says the notice is virtually "identical" to material produced all over the state, and apparently still in use. Indeed, California has taken great pains to spread the news that Santa lives.

During 1991 the state spent $78,000 to advertise the "Baby- Dial" program on Spanish-language radio and television stations that transmit from Mexico. The ensuing stampede of benefit seekers proved the maxim of Field of Dreams: If you build it, they will come.

According to the most recent figures cited in a *San Diego Union-Tribune* study, undocumented aliens gave birth to nearly 96,000 babies in the state during 1992. This constituted a full 85 percent increase over the previous three years and does not include those covered under the 1986 immigration amnesty who also used Medi-Cal. The costs for 1992 came to $230 million. That same year, undocumented immigrants accounted for 40 percent of California's 237,000 publicly funded births.

A study by Richard Parker and Louis Rae of San Diego State University found that 41 percent of those who used Medi-Cal for maternity care also used the welfare system after delivery, and a year later 34 percent were still on welfare.

Medi-Cal fraud is not limited to the welfare-baby boom. Mexican millionaires have received operations costing hundreds of thousands of dollars. Others have flown in from as far as India for operations, often with the collaboration of Medi-Cal staffers.

"When we are cutting off health care to legal county residents," said San Diego County supervisor Brian Bilbray, "but providing money for health care to foreign nations it is absurd and immoral."

Fraud investigator David Sossaman found that thousands of Mexican nationals were applying for welfare in the U.S., with some maintaining ten accounts at once. The scam could not have worked without collaboration by San Diego welfare workers, whose policy was to accept ANY photo identification, valid or not, and whose credo was "when in doubt, give it out." A San Diego County Grand Jury report, prompted by Sossaman's work, said: "Supervisors have verbally directed workers to knowingly accept false alien registration cards as identification." One benefits analyst was caught making photocopies of blank birth certificates, valuable currency in the illegal community. The grand jury later confirmed that the system "appeared to reward moral turpitude" of welfare staff.

Mr. Billingsley writes on California for The Spectator.

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In a document sent to California Governor Pete Wilson, a judge in Los Angeles County, who requested anonymity, relates what he calls a typical incident. A Mexican woman ran a red light and slammed into several cars, injuring six people. She had no license or insurance and there was therefore no possibility of restitution for the victims. The woman had come to the United States illegally and became a resident alien when one of her children was born here. She now has five children, no job, and no husband. Every month she gets AFDC of $535 (it would be $1,010 if her other children had been born here), $122 in food stamps, and a $350 housing subsidy. Add free medical services, education for five children, a lawyer and interpreter paid for by the court, and now supervision by a probation officer, all at taxpayers' expense. "It seems clear," concluded the judge, "that she pays no taxes, does not contribute to our society in any way whatsoever, and is nothing but a liability."

The professional activists from such groups as MALDEF and the Coalition for Immigrant Rights ignore fiscal irresponsibility and fraud. They do everything in their power to ensure that new arrivals, for whom they presume to speak, cultivate a sense of dependency.

"Most Americans are unfamiliar with the whole area and are constantly being shocked by these enormous loopholes about how people come into the country and the things they are entitled to once they are here," says Linda Chavez, author of *Out of the Barrio*. As she has written, the 1982 *Plyer v. Doe* decision established the right to free public education for illegal aliens. Since then, "many jurisdictions have expanded educational benefits for in-state college tuition as well. New Mexico's board of education has gone one step further, extending alien benefits literally across the border by requiring local school districts to provide free public education to children who reside in neighboring Mexico but take chartered buses into New Mexico border towns to attend school."

Sossaman, who was threatened and eventually driven out of his job, understands the bureaucratic mindset, and how it is the biggest obstacle to welfare and immigration reform. "The more money that went out, fraudulent or not," he says, "the bigger their budget, the more administrators they had, and higher salaries and perks."

That would seem to be the process that most needs reform nationwide. If they fix it, maybe not quite so many will come. □

If you are interested in placing an advertisement in NR West, please contact Dorothy Hoffberg at: 909-941-0629.

If you have news or editorial ideas, please write to Harold Johnson at the Claremont Institute, Suite 330, 250 West First St., Claremont, Calif. 91711, or call 714-771-7502.

News from Montana

HEALTH-CARE TALES

WILLIAM PERRY PENDLEY

WHAT WERE the odds that the Montana town of Libby would be hit with three catastrophic health-care cases in such a short period of time? In February 1992, Sally Sauer, 26-year-old daughter of an unemployed forester, discovered she needed a heart transplant. In February 1993, five-year-old Amanda Johnson, daughter of an uninsured logging truck driver, needed heart valve surgery. Six months later, Kyle Roslying, 17-year-old son of an uninsured sawyer, needed heart surgery.

Libby is a town of 2,800 in Lincoln County where 78 per cent of the land is owned by the U.S. Government. As a result of U.S. Forest Service timber harvest cutbacks, to "protect" the grizzly bear, Libby's unemployment has been double-digit for months.

Nonetheless, the people of Libby and neighboring Troy set out to save Sally, Amanda, and Kyle. Through a variety of campaigns and the generosity and hard work of the industries and individuals of northwestern Montana, the Sally's Heart, Our Amanda, and Kids for Kyle campaigns raised more than $325,000. Today Sally can be seen jogging around town, Amanda is completely cured, and Kyle is wrestling in the 152-pound class on the Libby Loggers varsity team.

What happened to Sally, Amanda, and Kyle might well be cited, by the Clinton White House, as proof that America needs federal health care. Certainly Libby's experience is no less compelling than the other anecdotal evidence heard by Hillary Clinton's secret health-care panel. At least that's what ABC's *Home Show* thought.

When ABC heard about Sally, Amanda, and Kyle, it sent a crew to Libby to film men and women citing their ordeal as proof that America needs a federal health-care plan.

However, what the ABC crew heard was not the rhetoric of the Washington, D.C., crowd, but questions real people ask if given the chance. "What's all of that going to cost?" "Who's going to pay for it?" "Will we get to select our own doctors?" One viewpoint the ABC crew heard over and over was that the health-care proposal the people had been hearing about was a very expensive program that the American people simply couldn't afford.

The ABC crew heard something else. Many of the people interviewed had been covered by a health-care plan; that is, until environmental policy gone wild had taken their jobs. What many of them said was that if the Clintons wanted to do something about health care, they could get the environmentalists off their backs and allow harvesting of trees in the forests around Libby once again. Just let the mills reopen, they said. Then health care will take care of itself.

The people of Libby know first hand how federal bureaucracies operate. Maybe that's why they fear that turning Uncle Sam into everybody's doctor is a prescription for ill-health. □

Mr. Pendley is president and chief legal officer of the Mountain States Legal Foundation in Denver.

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How Three Strikes Came to Be

MID OCTOBER 1988. With a deadline breathing down my neck, I finished typing the commentary and pushed the "print" button. I had only thirty minutes to rehearse and put on make-up before appearing on KIRO-TV's Eyewitness News. KIRO is Seattle's CBS affiliate where a liberal colleague and I sparred twice each week with competing commentaries. The topic that night was crime and how to fight it, and I decided to propose a new way of getting tough with repeat offenders. The title? "Three Strikes, You're Out."

I would love to say everything changed that night and that torrents of praise from civic and political leaders created a coalition to make "Three Strikes" a reality. But in the real world, nothing happened, at least not for a while.

Then in 1990–91, the Washington Institute for Policy Studies, a state-based, free-market think tank I co-founded in the mid Eighties, decided to study the idea in greater depth. Project Director Dave LaCourse produced numbers showing that most violent crime was committed by a small number of criminals, that the re-offending (recidivism) rate among convicted felons soared with each new offense, and that sentencing laws in Washington state were surprisingly lenient—as they also are in many other states.

We hammered out a proposed new law, nicknamed it "Three Strikes, You're Out," and tried to find support for it in the state legislature. *Nada.* Democrats either opposed it on philosophical grounds or thought it would split their party. The response from Republicans was even more depressing. They favored the idea, but their leaders pointed out it wasn't showing up in surveys and polls, so it would be a waste of time to pursue it. Besides, I was told, the current determinate-sentencing law was sophisticated and represented a consensus of input from respected figures on all sides of the criminal justice system.

"Yes," I replied. "But it's not working." So in early 1992, we filed an initiative. We started so late that we couldn't muster the necessary signatures to get on the ballot, but the effort generated publicity and several candidates running for governor endorsed it.

In January 1993, we filed it again, both as an initiative and a bill. The chief sponsor in the House was State Rep. Ida Ballasiotes, whose daughter had been abducted after work in a downtown parking garage and murdered by a repeat felon who had walked out of a nearby half-way house. But the legislature gutted her bill. Democratic Governor Mike Lowry then stole the title and introduced a far more lenient version of "Three Stikes" (much as Bill Clinton is trying to do now). Even this version couldn't get enough votes.

The story was different at the grassroots. The coalition pushing the initiative, with backing from police groups, crime victims' organizations, and the National Rifle Association, got nearly 300,000 signatures (not bad for a state with about 2.8 million registered voters), and in November it passed with nearly 77 per cent of the vote.

"He is my ghostwriter."

The huge margin stunned even those of us who were in on the idea at its inception. People from other states, especially California, asked for details about the measure. At present, groups in more than 33 states have been in contact with us. California's new three-strikes law is even tougher than ours. The U.S. Senate version, sponsored by Washington Senator Slade Gorton and Mississippi Senator Trent Lott, was modeled after our new law and passed by unanimous voice vote. What had taken more than four years to pass in Washington State has now become, in the space of 90 days, a national movement, the Proposition 13 of crime control.

So how's it working? "Three Strikes" is a sentencing law that applies to anyone convicted in Washington of a third serious felony. About 40 crimes count as strikes, including all Class A felonies, Class B felonies that involve harm or the threat of harm to another person, and a couple of Class C's, such as third degree rape.

Eight felons have been ensnared so far. Three are sex criminals, each of whom has attempted murder (one of them successfully). Another is a four-time armed robber. The other four are "career criminals" whose offenses are not so serious but far more numerous. They average six previous felony convictions and 11 misdemeanors each.

MEANWHILE, criminals are leaving the state. In Seattle alone, 17 registered sex offenders have left since "Three Strikes" passed. The detective in charge of the program credits the new law. Police officers tell us that as word gets around about the new, stiffer sentencing, some criminals seem chastened, and a few are even seeking treatment and counseling that they previously refused. Finally, if the new law is sending bad guys away, we believe it's also probably discouraging other miscreants from moving here.

Since we're sending criminals out of the state, I hope lawmakers elsewhere will emulate our new law so criminals in your part of the country won't feel any more welcome than they do up here.

—JOHN CARLSON

Mr. Carlson, who led the drive to pass "Three Strikes, You're Out" in Washington State, heads the Washington Institute for Policy Studies, hosts a talk show on KVI radio in Seattle, and writes a column for the Seattle Times.

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best interests, she signed the order permitting the ventilator to be withdrawn.

But Ron didn't die. Not only that, he began to improve. By the middle of September, he had emerged from his persistent vegetative state. He was now aware. But that was not a cause for joy. Joe Schaaf was horrified by Ron's condition. "I saw a person who could register some feelings, but those feelings were pain, agony, and fear. His hands were bent in toward his wrists. It appeared he was trying to remove his feeding tube. Whether it was a conscious act, I couldn't tell."

On occasion, others saw a different Ronald Comeau. Speech pathologist Juanita J. Cook noted in Ron's medical records, "Seems to recognize personnel—favorite nurses. On 9/21, definitely responded with recognition today when I went in and said my name, reminding him that I was the person who came in to talk—not to do any direct care, etc.—Big smile, with overall body movement. Very different from the grimace at having hands restrained." Other notes in the file show a man who was aware, sometimes grimacing, often seemingly in pain, at other times intently concentrating on discussions about his future care.

Out of His Misery

BUT RON REMAINED profoundly disabled. Joe Schaaf recalls, "I thought that if it were me there, lying helpless in a bed, I hope to God that someone would help me move on from my misery to whatever comes next, because whatever comes next can't be worse than that." He decided to raise the question of withholding food and fluids from Ron.

Apparently with that in mind, the consulting neurologist, Dr. Edwards, wrote a report stating in part, "Although I would have no ethical or moral problems in letting . . . a medical complication go untreated, it is difficult to support withdrawing nutrition in a patient who is demonstrating some neurological function . . ."

One day in October, the Medical Center ethics committee convened to consider Joe Schaaf's plan to starve and dehydrate Ron Comeau to death. Of course, the issue was not defined in such stark terms. Ron was being fed through a feeding tube. Some in the medical community consider such "artificial feeding" to be a form of medical treatment no different from other life-saving interventions such as using a respirator. Others regard it as humane care. This is a distinction with a profound difference: medical treatment can be ethically withheld, humane care cannot be. (A 1986 opinion of the American Medical Association's Council on Ethical and Judicial Affairs held that it is medically ethical to withdraw food and fluids that are "technologically supplied" from the terminally ill "whose death is imminent" and from patients who suffer from coma that is "beyond a doubt irreversible." The opinion also states that a physician should "not intentionally cause death"—an odd clause, since removing food and fluids can have but one result: the death of the patient.)

Ron Comeau was neither terminally ill nor in an irreversible coma. He was awake and aware, if profoundly brain-damaged and disabled. But that did not seem to concern the ethics committee. Psychiatrist Peter Zorach, the chairman of the ethics committee, recalls: "We had a discussion. We weren't going to take a vote but Mr. Schaaf felt it would be helpful to him if he knew whether people would support his position. There were people in the discussion who had taken part in Mr. Comeau's care and who were able to express observations about what could be done. We imagined that his being in a hospital bed, not able to move, might be a frustrating experience. If being in jail made him so unhappy that he wanted to kill himself, then being in a hospital partially paralyzed would also make him unhappy. People felt that he was not happy and that there was not much likelihood that he would ever be happy. His emotions usually looked like fear, anger, rage, and sometimes sadness." The vote was 10 to 3 to support whatever decision Joe Schaaf might make.

On November 9, Schaaf, Saltonstall, a real-estate agent appointed as Ron's guardian *ad litem*, and the latter's attorney all appeared before Judge Buchanan for the purpose of determining whether Ron's feeding tube should be removed. The guardian *ad litem* took no position. Doctors Algus and Zorach testified in support of removing nutritional care. No one argued against removal. Dr. Edwards's report recommending against this course was not mentioned to the judge. (Mr. Saltonstall says he was unaware of Dr. Edwards's opinion.) It was disclosed that Ron was no longer in a persistent vegetative state, but the information was couched in terms of unbearable suffering with no hope of further improvement. Judge Buchanan granted the motion, ruling that Ron would "beyond any reasonable doubt . . . ask that artificial nutrition and hydration be terminated." If all had gone as planned, Ronald Comeau would have been dead within a week.

To the Rescue

REVEREND Mike McHugh, the minister of Grace Christian Church in Essex Junction, Vermont, is accustomed to the maelstrom. Founder of the Vermont chapter of Operation Rescue, McHugh sees it as his Christian duty to seek to preserve life. It is to engage in understatement to say that Reverend McHugh is a controversial figure in Vermont.

Two days after Judge Buchanan's ruling, McHugh got a phone call from a fellow believer. There had been a radio report. A young man was going to be legally starved to death. Was there anything Mike could do?

McHugh obtained a copy of the *Bennington Banner*'s story on the case. He knew he had to step in. He called on his network of pro-life attorneys, and then went to a prayer meeting of local pastors. He came away from these discussions and his prayers deciding to be bold.

Mike McHugh called Judge Buchanan at her home and told her he wanted to petition the court to become Ronald Comeau's guardian. She agreed to convene an immediate hearing. McHugh then went high profile, is-

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suing a press release announcing that he was going to fight to save Ronald Comeau's life.

A hearing was held at 8:00 P.M. on November 11. Among those present were Joe Schaaf, Stephen Saltonstall, and Mike McHugh. Also present were representatives of much of Vermont's media. The Comeau case was about to become an event.

McHugh asked Judge Buchanan to stay the order removing Ron's feeding tube and to name him Ron's new guardian. Under cross-examination, he admitted to having willfully violated a federal judge's restraining order, and to having been arrested twenty times, in connection with his Operation Rescue activities. He also admitted that he had never met Ron Comeau and that Ron was not part of his congregation. Judge Buchanan ruled that she could not stay her own order. Moreover, she ruled that, under Vermont law, McHugh had no standing to enter the case.

The next day, McHugh, along with a less controversial pastor named John Goyette, filed an appeal in the Bennington Superior Court. This judge also ruled that the clergymen had no direct interest in the case and affirmed Judge Buchanan's decision.

But McHugh was not done yet. He called upon pro-life attorney Norman C. Smith, who immediately prepared and presented an emergency motion to the Chief Justice of the Vermont Supreme Court. A stay was granted pending a hearing to be held on November 16. The order was served on the hospital, and Ron Comeau's food and fluids were restored.

But the stay was only a temporary reprieve. McHugh was likely to lose on the standing issue in the emergency hearing, and if he did, Ron Comeau's death would proceed as planned.

In Search of a Family

MCHUGH had one last card to play: Ron's family. He first tried to find Ron's mother. He drove to Rhode Island, where he had heard she lived, and found several women answering to the name of Mary Comeau, but none of the women was the right Mary.

Growing desperate, he decided to appeal to Ron's father, even though the media had depicted the man as uncaring about his son's fate. He made some phone calls to police contacts and headed north toward Maine. Making another call along the way, he was told that Ron's father had been found and that "he doesn't want his son to die."

McHugh finally met Renald Dupois and his brother, Raymond. McHugh showed them news clippings and said to Renald, "I am told you don't have an interest in this."

"That's not true," Renald insisted. Raymond thought the hospital said Ron was dying; he had no idea Ron was still alive.

McHugh offered to pay all expenses if the two men would go back to Vermont with him and appear at the November 16 hearing. They agreed. With his own money and contributions from other pro-life supporters, McHugh soon had the Dupois brothers installed in a hotel in Bennington.

Whether or not Mike McHugh was seeking publicity for himself, as some have alleged, he surely got it. With the dramatic appearance of Renald and Raymond Dupois, Ron's case became a front-page sensation. The court continued the hearing until the Dupois brothers could visit Ron and determine if he was indeed their son and nephew. McHugh held a news conference, which descended into an ugly shouting match when he refused to allow reporters to question the brothers.

An angry debate was on. Many were glad that Ron's family had become involved at last but highly resented McHugh's intrusion and the turning of the young man's tragedy into a media circus. McHugh pulled no punches

"Get a job!"

either, stating that those who wanted Ron to die were executioners, an allegation that Saltonstall particularly resented since he had been the lawyer who had convinced the Supreme Court of Massachusetts to throw out that state's death-penalty law.

Editorials were flying. A *Rutland Herald* editorial opined, "It is too bad that the sanctity of life should have as its defender a religious freebooter such as McHugh." A newspaper commentator named Jack Hoffman was furious that the press had allowed "Michael McHugh, the anti-abortion fanatic," to dictate "the terms of staging his own publicity stunts." Saltonstall was quoted as asking the court to keep McHugh out in order to avoid turning the case into a "battlefield of warring theologies." Meanwhile, an anonymous nurse from the hospital was quoted as saying of Ron, "This guy has no chance of getting any better. I think if these people really want to keep this man alive they should come up and take care of him."

Amidst the media uproar, the Dupois brothers visited Ron. They came away convinced he should live. Renald

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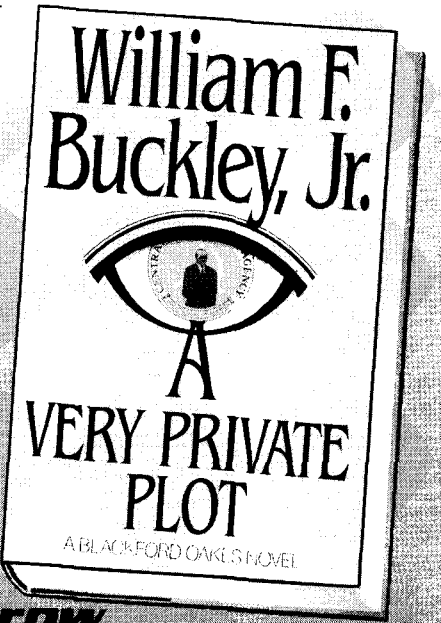

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Dupois told the press, "I said, 'This is Dad.' When he heard that, he had a smile on his face and started to move all over the place. That made me happy."

Raymond added, "If he's in a coma, it's the funniest coma I ever saw."

A Lot of Life

THE CASE was about to take another twist. In Worcester, Massachusetts, Renald Comeau, Ron's brother, heard a news report about the brouhaha in Vermont. He and his wife, Patricia, immediately left for Bennington, where they were joined by his and Ron's half-brother, Robert DesRosiers.

The family gathered at Ron's bedside, the first such reunion in a very long time. Ron delighted at being shown a shirt with the Harley Davidson logo on it. He and his brothers laughingly compared tattoos. The brothers came away from the reunion quite upset at what had almost happened to Ron. "Imagine, they were going to kill this guy," DesRosiers said later. "There's a lot of life there."

Meanwhile, Joe Schaaf believed the family should take control now that they were involved. He met with Renald Comeau, and it was agreed that Renald would take over as his brother's guardian. Any thought of starving Ron to death was abandoned.

In the months since his life was saved, Ron Comeau's condition has slowly improved. According to Renald, Ron recognizes family, listens to music, can sit up, roll over, use the television remote control, clumsily push himself in a wheelchair, and eat foods such as soup and pudding. He even flirts with pretty nurses, summoning them with his call button and blowing them kisses. He was recently transferred to a rehabilitation facility in Massachusetts. Renald reports that he has his good days and bad days; one very good day was the day he was reunited with his mother, whom he had not seen for years.

It Could Happen Anywhere

THIS HAPPY ending raises disturbing questions. In an editorial entitled "What Went Wrong?" the *Burlington Free Press* stated: "Vermonters remain puzzled and upset. Institutions they trust sanctioned the death of a man still able to smile, recognize people, move his arms, blink purposely."

Vermonters aren't the only ones who should be puzzled and upset. What happened to Ron Comeau could happen anywhere. There are no villains here. Yet, the legal and medical systems almost permitted Ron to be killed because a retired educator believed that the quality of his life was not worth living.

One fundamental problem was the way the court decided to withdraw Ron's nutrition. The hearing took place in a kangaroo-court atmosphere with a predictable, almost predestined, conclusion. The only opinions Judge Buchanan heard were those favoring Ron's death. No one argued to maintain Ron's life, not even the guardian *ad litem*, appointed to represent Ron in the hearing. Moreover, the judge knew, but apparently did not take into account, that Ron had improved since the August hearing.

Why wasn't the judge given access to Dr. Edwards's report recommending the continuation of feeding? Why did no one mention that Juanita Cook, the speech pathologist, had noted that Ron had smiled and was, at times, intently interested in his own care?

Stephen Saltonstall is disturbed by those questions himself. "The law of Vermont does not give the parties guidance on what their respective jobs should be," he says. "There is no statute or judicial decision apportioning responsibilities." Saltonstall hopes the state legislature will correct the problem.

In hindsight, would the principals have acted differently? Joe Schaaf still believes he made the right choice. He says, "I saw somebody who was not getting better. We talked about it in the ethics committee for more than an hour. My role was to act as a family would. If a member of my family was in the same position, I would have made the same decision. It's horrible to see someone suffering like that."

Saltonstall agrees. "I would not want to live myself in that situation. I would hope my family would pull the plug."

It is clear that those who advocated Ron's death did not do so out of malice but in the sincere belief that dying would be better than living a life so profoundly disabled. But, does anyone have the *moral right* to starve and dehydrate another human being to death? If this case teaches us anything, it is that once acts designed to *cause death* are allowed, so-called "protective guidelines" are easily broken or ignored. In fact, the Bennington ethics committee doesn't even seem to have taken the restrictions established by the 1986 AMA ethics opinion into account.

Rita Marker, director of the International Anti-Euthanasia Task Force, says: "Denying food and water to a person because we think he wouldn't want to live in his current condition doesn't change the fact that we're ending his life. Bluntly stated, we're killing him. Whether the motivation is benevolence, cost-containment, or ignorance, the bottom line is that we've become judge and jury in a process that ends with capital punishment for the 'crime' of being dependent."

Ronald Comeau is alive and reunited with his family, not because the system worked, but because an unpopular, in-your-face pro-life radical threw a monkey wrench into its gears. And despite the widespread disdain for his zealotry and suspicion of his motives, *he* was the one who had it right: not the doctors, who said Ron would never improve; not the guardian, who essentially chose to kill his ward; not the medical ethics committee, which gave the guardian its blessing; and not the judge, who acted like a rubber stamp.

Renald Comeau wonders, "How many more Ronnie Comeaus are there out there?" An important question, especially since the next Ron Comeau might not have a Mike McHugh. □

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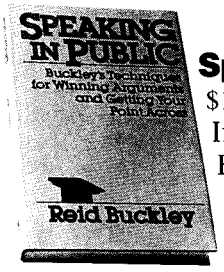

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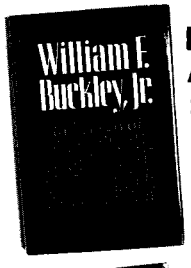

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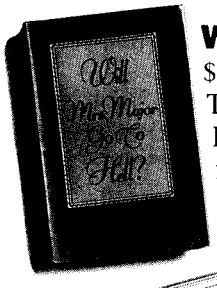

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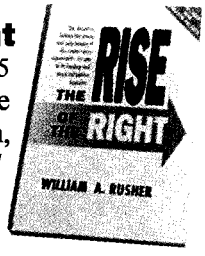

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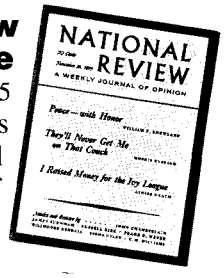

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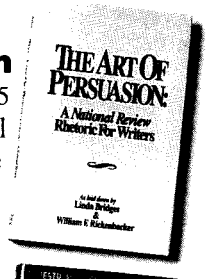

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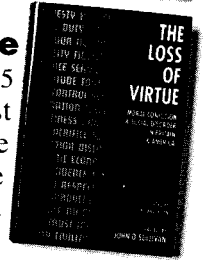

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Election '96

LET THE RACE BEGIN

President Clinton looks more vulnerable by the day—but which Republican will be in a position to seize the opportunity? Herewith, a bettor's guide.

WICK ALLISON & WILLIAM A. RUSHER

AFTER Tom Dewey went down to that surprise defeat by Harry Truman in 1948, Democratic boss Jim Farley cracked about the Republican front-runner, "The people had been thinking of Dewey as the next President for so long they decided it was time for a change."

No such problem for Republicans in 1996. There is no front-runner: no George Bush awaiting coronation, no Ronald Reagan riding a whirlwind, no Gerald Ford sitting uneasily in the Oval Office, no Richard Nixon pulling strings from his Wall Street law firm, no Barry Goldwater leading a party rebellion. Nor is a front-runner likely to emerge between now and the Iowa caucuses in February 1996.

As matters now stand, the 1996 Republican presidential contest is the most heavily front-loaded in history. Seven big states have scheduled their primaries almost immediately after New Hampshire's: New York on March 5; Texas and Florida on March 12 (along with some other Southern states); Illinois, Michigan, and Ohio on March 19 (probably to be joined by Pennsylvania); all capped off by California on March 26. All told, these states will provide 75 per cent of all the delegates to the convention—and they'll all be committed before April.

Most of these states—California, with it's winner-take-all primary, is the most notable exception—award at-large delegates to the statewide plurality winner and congressional-district delegates to the winner in each district. Convention rules require that, to have his name officially put in nomination, a candidate have at least 10 per cent of the total number of committed delegates, and that they come from at least five states.

Some analysts, such as Jack Germond, think this front-loading and the convention rules make Iowa and New Hampshire even more important than in the past, establishing the leaders early in the race. Others aren't so sure. Several candidates may fragment the big states, in which case the race could go down to the convention wire. So many big states, spread geographically so far apart, will mean that a candidate must have massive amounts of money, organization, and media exposure in order to dominate. Candidates may instead decide to target specific states, or specific districts within states, hoping to rack up enough votes to keep them in the running and secure them a seat in some ultimate smoke-filled room.

Another factor militating against New Hampshire's dominance is William Weld, the energetic and popular governor of Massachusetts. If Weld runs—as he is almost certain to do—he should be able to count on a good showing in his neighboring state, where many commuters owe their jobs to his aggressive pro-growth policies. But Weld's pro-abortion and pro-gay-rights positions are anathema in the South, and will also certainly be challenged in the ethnic enclaves of the Rust Belt states. If Weld wins New Hampshire, therefore, all that free media hype may end up meaning nothing at all. (Even so, as the "moderate" Republican governor of a big Eastern state, Weld may wind up with the vice presidential nomination, if the delegates choose a solid conservative for the top spot and want to honor the tradition of "balancing the ticket.")

Who Has the Money?

SO MANY big-state primaries bunched so tightly together will make this the most expensive presidential nomination race in the nation's history. Some Washington insiders are saying it may take as much as $35 million to make a respectable run. Fundraising, therefore, is the first hurdle on the track.

Federal election laws limit contributions to $1,000 per person and $5,000 per PAC. To qualify for federal matching funds a candidate must raise $5,000 in each of twenty states from individual contributions of up to $250. These requirements haven't been updated since 1973, and shouldn't present a problem to most candidates. The first serious test of who's really in the running and who isn't will be who has passed the $10-million mark by the end of 1995.

By that measure Robert Dole, as Senate minority leader, clearly has the best post position. He can reap a lifetime's worth of returned favors.

Messrs. Allison and Rusher are former NR *publishers. The authors thank Bobby Burchfield of Covington & Burling for his assistance.*

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The 1994 Senate elections are likely to make him even more of a factor in legislation than he is today, and so the special interests will be lined up at his door. If Dole is shrewd (and he is), he'll use this largesse to claim the Midwest and wage all-out campaigns in free-for-all primaries like New Hampshire and Florida, while making forays into small states to pick off the odd delegate or two. With any other primary schedule, and if he were ten or fifteen years younger, Dole might be unstoppable.

If the Royalist Theory of Republican politics is right, he may be unstoppable anyway. This theory maintains that while Democrats usually opt for new faces as their presidential candidates, Republicans tend to favor those who have "earned" the nomination by running before and being good soldiers when they lost. Holders of this theory point to Reagan and Bush, both of whom lost bids for the nomination (two in Reagan's case) before winning it, and Nixon and Dewey, who were both nominated a second time after a defeat in a previous general election. On such a basis Dole and Jack Kemp should be the leading contenders.

The Royalist Theory has historical roots, to be sure, but it runs into some difficulties in the coming contest. For one thing, Dole's age is a definite handicap: Reagan was elected at the sprightly age of 69; Dole will be 73 in 1996. Nor does Dole conjure up the youthful, optimistic image that Reagan was capable of conveying.

Kemp is Dole's opposite on both counts, but he has his own problems. Though vigorous and well liked, he failed to raise much money in his 1988 bid, and it will be a major challenge this time around. He has no geographic base, having pulled back from races against Mario Cuomo in New York and for senator in California. His "empowerment" theme plays well on the op-ed pages but fails to ignite the core Republican voters who determine the party's nominee.

These evident problems with the two men who should be far ahead of the pack at this early stage lead many insiders to speculate about a Gubernatorial Theory. Sitting governors of large states are almost as close to the rail as Dole when it comes to raising money, as Massachusetts Governor Dukakis showed with his impressive fundraising for the Democratic prima-

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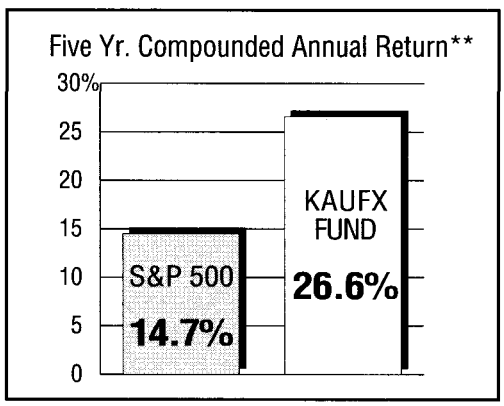

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ries of 1988. In the GOP this time, Carroll Campbell of South Carolina, John Engler of Michigan, Tommy Thompson of Wisconsin, Bill Weld of Massachusetts, and Pete Wilson of California (if he wins re-election) will all have the muscle to produce substantial amounts of cash out of their states. And although he's not a governor, the senior Republican officeholder in Texas, Phil Gramm, already has $6 million in the bank for his Senate re-election campaign, and he won't be shy about raising more.

Where does that leave everyone else? Dan Quayle has not ruled out running, and his solid conservatism commands respect; but there is no evidence yet that he has overcome his major negatives: a personality that strikes many people as rather pallid, and his inevitable identification with the Bush Administration.

Former defense secretary and White House chief of staff Dick Cheney has a huge reservoir of good will in the party. Alone with Ronald Reagan, he combines hard-line conservative positions (*vide* his ACU ratings as a congressman from Wyoming) with a non-threatening style that disarms critics. These key attributes—plus a capable and intellectually engaged wife, who headed the National Endowment for the Humanities (NEH) under President Bush—are enough to place him in the front rank of candidates, but he will need both hard cash and more evidence of personal leadership qualities to win the nomination.

Lamar Alexander, former governor of Tennessee and secretary of education under Bush, is a respected political technician, but is regarded suspiciously by many Reaganites as an Establishment politician.

Bill Bennett has held high appointive posts, serving as Reagan's NEH chairman and secretary of education, and also as Bush's drug czar, but he has never run for public office. That theoretically disqualifies him under the Rayburn Rule (so named after House Speaker Sam Rayburn, who dismissed a would-be New Deal appointee with the comment, "I'd feel better about him if he'd ever run for sheriff"). But if Bennett is anointed by the Christian Right, he might well pull in enough money from their direct-mail lists and find himself with a large enough army of volunteers to compete.

As for Pat Buchanan, he will almost certainly enter the contest, and if he does he is sure to raise enough money from the lists he amassed in his 1992 bid. His views, and perhaps above all his way of presenting them, are off-putting to many Republicans (including some conservatives), but he should certainly win enough delegates in

Allison & Rusher's 1996 Tout Sheet

	ODDS	BACKING	HANDICAPS	ADVANTAGES	TIPSTERS' COMMENTS
CONTENDERS					
Cheney	8–1	$$	Lack of fire	Party goodwill	Needs a jockey
Dole	4–1	$$$$	Age, demeanor	Visible leader	Only if field falters
Gramm	15–1	$$$$	Loner, accent	Smart, Texas	John Connally redux
Kemp	5–1	$$	Pro gov't activism	Enthusiasm	Might fade in stretch
Weld	18–1	$$$	Social liberal	Only social liberal	Early speed
Wilson	5–1	$$$$	Moderate, too soft	Tilting right, California	Re-election hurdle
LONG SHOTS					
Alexander	35–1	$	Establishment	Organizer	Wants to win
Bennett	20–1	$$	No base	Best communicator	Could break late
Buchanan	20–1	$$$	Polarizing	Strong constituency	No rocket but might flare
Campbell	25–1	$	Not known	Attractive, South	No speed
Engler	25–1	$$$	Not known	Reformer	Doesn't give up
Quayle	30–1	$$	Image	Been through it	Will he make it to the gate?
Thompson	25–1	$$$	Not known	Reformer	On a winning streak
DARK HORSES					
Perot	50–1	$$$$$	Kooky	Proven vote-getter	Not a bettor's favorite
Powell	3–1	$$$$	Republican?	Commanding presence	Look for late charge

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enough states to make him a serious player, if not a contender, at the convention.

That brings us to the Dark Horse Theory and two imponderable outsiders: Ross Perot and Colin Powell. It is doubtful that Perot would enter the Republican primaries; he likes to paddle his own canoe. Besides, not even his money could guarantee him a good showing, save perhaps in the caucus state of Iowa and the media circus of California. But like a hand grenade tossed into a foxhole, Perot's entry would instantly generate excitement, and might even serve to make a hero out of some less-well-known opponent. (Look what one encounter with him on *Larry King* did for Al Gore.) In any case, Perot's latest fade-out, after NAFTA, is only temporary; he has faded out before. Only one thing about Ross Perot is certain: When he decides to jump in, it will be with both feet.

Colin Powell is another matter altogether. He falls under the special exception that American voters have always made for military men, from Zachary Taylor, William Henry Harrison, and Ulysses S. Grant to Dwight D. Eisenhower. An attractive upper-middle-class black, a victorious general to run against the Arkansas draft-dodger, Powell would present Republican primary voters with a dazzling prospect: an end to six decades of monolithic black support of Democratic candidates.

The problem, of course, is that nobody has the faintest idea what Powell thinks on political subjects. Presumably a career in the Army, ending up as a four-star general, is a pretty good inoculation against rabid leftism, or even goo-goo liberalism. But Dwight Eisenhower is clear evidence that a man can go that route without acquiring along the way a serious education in conservative principles, as opposed to a blunt sort of basic patriotism. It is safest, therefore, to assume that Powell, if he decides to run, will address economic issues with standard Republican lines (cut taxes, balance the budget, get government off our backs, etc.), talk tougher on problems like inner-city crime, illegitimacy, and affirmative action than anyone else can because of his race, and waffle enough on abortion to satisfy nobody, which is about as much as one can hope for and really about as much as anyone expects. He would be a formidable contender.

California, Here They Come

NOT SINCE 1964—when Barry Goldwater's primary victory over Nelson Rockefeller quashed the last hope of denying him the nomination—has California played so important a role in the battle of the primaries as it will in 1996: which is exactly what its legislature (and governor) intended by moving the primary from June to March. The GOP's formula for allotting delegates to states is complex, depending on the size of a state's electoral vote, the number of elected Republican officials, whether the state voted Republican in the last presidential race, and other factors; but regardless of the precise calculation for 1996, this 800-pound gorilla will walk into the convention with between 10 and 12 per cent of all the delegates there.

"The newspapers are starting to refer to me as likable."

What's more, it will walk in united behind one candidate, for the California primary is a winner-take-all affair. The slimmest plurality will be enough to deliver the whole delegation—and perhaps the Presidency.

A re-elected Pete Wilson would presumably be the front-runner in California—but can he win re-election? Few California governors have ever had lower approval ratings than Wilson did last year. To be sure, he is now feinting to the right (on immigration and taxes), and his ratings are up a bit. He will no doubt wrap himself in the mantle of Perotistic reform (indeed, has already done so by spurning PAC money for his re-election race). But he lacks the enduring allegiance of California conservatives, and will have his hands full smoothing enough ruffled feathers to avoid a mutiny on his right.

If Wilson loses, or if his numbers plummet again after re-election, California will be up for grabs. Even with Wilson in the running, the state's plurality rule makes it worth while for any candidate to enter who can raise the money: with every new contender, Wilson's total will drop enough to give somebody else a chance.

Jack Kemp, for one, will certainly not let Wilson's favorite-son status go unchallenged. Wilson may have been the mayor of San Diego, but Kemp was a San Diego Charger and his son Jeff has played for the Los Angeles Rams. Nor should it be forgotten that Pat Buchanan pulled 533,336 votes (26 per cent) in his 1992 California primary battle with Bush—or that Ross Perot won 11 per cent of the vote in the Golden State that fall. Finally, California is full of military retirees, and its economy has been heavily dependent on defense. That may be enough to give Dick Cheney or Colin Powell an edge (unless they're both in the race and cancel each other out).

Favorite Sons

IT'S HARD to see how any candidate can hope to make a clean sweep. Who has the stature, the organization, and the money to win in Florida, Michigan, Illinois, Ohio, New York, Texas, and California within the space of three weeks?

It's equally hard to see how Engler could lose Michigan, or Gramm Texas. Thompson starts with Wisconsin, Campbell with South Carolina, Quayle with Indiana, Alexander with Tennessee. The map is cluttered already, and it's 22 months to Iowa.

Where there's confusion, there is op-

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portunity. It would be no surprise if the day after New Hampshire, especially if it's an upset, Senator Trent Lott suddenly announced that he was answering Mississippi's call to be its favorite son. Ambitious politicians in relatively small states right across the country might read the same handwriting on the wall: If the big states can't decide the issue, anyone who bides his time might jostle his way to the front of the pack. In a matter of days Hatch of Utah, McCain of Arizona, Gingrich of Georgia, and others might sound the bugle. Those who early on declared their intention to sit this one out—Pat Robertson, for example—might sense a new vocational calling. Under the rules their names could not formally be placed in nomination, but there would be nothing to stop delegates—from their own states or elsewhere—from voting for them.

In this scenario, candidates not likely to win might nonetheless find themselves in an enviable position. Buchanan, for one, may command only a minor fraction of Republican primary voters, but that could be enough to elect 10 to 15 per cent of the delegates in every primary he enters. Likewise Weld, as the most socially liberal of the candidates, might round up enough delegates here and there to parlay his Massachusetts base into considerable clout.

If no candidate racks up a clear majority in the early big-state primaries (and it's hard to see how one could unless several contenders lie down and play dead), and if California goes to someone other than the clear winner in New Hampshire or the South, the battle is likely to rage on through the spring and even into June and July. Montana, Alaska, Rhode Island, even little Guam may all enjoy their 15 minutes of fame.

The result would be a journalist's dream—that fabled animal of yore, long hoped for and long unseen: an "open" convention.

An open Republican convention, of course, might be Bill Clinton's salvation. A fragmented GOP, fighting intramurally tooth and nail, making back-room deals, trading votes and pressuring little old ladies from Alabama in front of millions of television viewers, could turn into a nightmare for Haley Barbour.

It probably won't come to that. For one thing, Republicans are traditionally too genteel for fratricidal bloodshed on a massive scale. For another, too many of those second-tier contenders will be eyeing Cabinet posts in a new Republican Administration. And lastly, there is no really deep ideologi-

Stop the Soul Searching

QUITE a few Republicans in Washington are scampering around trying to figure out what the GOP should stand for in the post-Bush era. Despite all the data, these hand-wringers still wander around in an ideological fog.

Last year, under the direction of Haley Barbour, the Republican National Committee (RNC) sent out more than 800,000 survey questionnaires to party donors, elected officials, and grassroots activists nationwide. To the RNC's surprise it received more than 130,000 responses. And while these findings aren't scientific, they certainly track what we've found in our professionally administered polls: that the Republican Party is the party of conservative principles.

For those Republicans in Washington who think the party faithful may have softened their views on big government or higher taxes, here are just a few examples:

—63% of the respondents see the Federal Government as "primarily an adversary to be avoided rather than a positive force for helping people";

—93% agree with the statement that the Federal Government no longer represents the intent of the founding fathers of having limited government with limited powers;

—91% favor a Balanced Budget Amendment;

—92% favor a cut in the capital-gains tax;

—76% oppose a broad-based energy tax;

—62% oppose raising taxes on upper-income families.

Those leading the GOP down the path of government-run health care should read these results very carefully. Some examples:

—86% oppose a "single payer" government-run health-care plan;

—94% oppose forcing those with insurance to pay higher premiums for fewer benefits;

—78% oppose increasing payroll taxes to pay for health-care reform;

—64% oppose the government's controlling the prices hospitals and doctors can charge;

—66% believe that government health-spending limits only reduce the quality of health care.

And when it comes to what is perhaps the touchiest of subjects for many Republicans in Washington, "traditional family values," look at these figures:

—72% support a school-voucher system that would allow parents to choose the public or private school they send their children to;

—92% favor permitting voluntary prayer in public schools;

—93% oppose the teaching of homosexuality as an acceptable lifestyle in public schools;

—78% oppose the distribution of condoms to schoolchildren;

—94% support teachers' stressing the common principles and values of American society.

Even on the issue that is perceived to be the most divisive, abortion, 58 per cent take a pro-life position and 84 per cent would ban or severely restrict federal funding of abortions. Some suspect that this survey was an attempt by the RNC to undermine some of the party's present positions. Well, if that was the RNC's intention, they failed miserably.

If the RNC and party leaders in the House and Senate ignore these results and try to move the party away from these principles, large numbers of voters will desert the GOP in response to being deserted by it. That would sentence the party to permanent minority status and mean defeat for many of those who compromised these principles.

TONY FABRIZIO & JOHN MCLAUGHLIN

The authors head the Fabrizio, McLaughlin & Associates polling and consulting firm.

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cal divide to animate a full-fledged crusade. There is only the question of where on the Right one stands: with Buchanan on the far edge, with Cheney and Gramm and Engler fanning out from there, with Dole and Powell in the center (but inching Righter every day), or with Weld, nudging up against the "moderates."

There can also be benefits from early and indecisive contests in the big states. California, Michigan, Illinois, Ohio, and Pennsylvania are exactly where the Republican message for 1996 needs to be fought over and hammered out—they are all states that have been mostly Republican in presidential elections since 1968 but that voted for Clinton in 1992. If the Reagan Democrats are to be brought back into the GOP fold, these are the states where the wooing must be done. By contrast, the South is already on board the Republican campaign train: Clinton's negatives there are dismal.

Another benefit is new faces—and possibly new stars. Engler, Thompson, Weld, and Campbell are all capable governors largely unknown to the national audience. The 1994 elections for the statehouses—especially in New York, Texas, and Florida—and for the Senate may produce even more new talent, and in an open race a dark horse with the right trainer and jockey (read: money and message) might outrun the pack.

One final caution: From the conservative standpoint, the sheer proliferation of candidates may spell trouble. If Wilson and Weld represent the shrunken "moderate" wing of the party, and if Dole, Powell, and Alexander constitute a centrist bloc, that could leave Bennett, Buchanan, Campbell, Cheney, Engler, Gramm, Kemp, Quayle, and Thompson battling to carry the banner of the Right. No doubt each of these men can and will find plenty wrong with the politics and principles of the others, but as they step over or crash into one another some fresh candidate, less burdened ideologically, might stride purposefully toward the nomination.

One Bush presidency is enough. □

Ukraine Today

HOUSE OF CHIMERAS

Can Ukraine emerge from the rubble? Only if the West helps the right Ukrainians.

ADRIAN KARATNYCKY

ACROSS the street from the cavernous offices of Ukraine's President Leonid Kravchuk stands a quaint turn-of-the-century building bearing the likenesses of beasts and fantastic creatures. It is known locally as the House of Chimeras.

Kravchuk's sprawling headquarters, once home to the Ukrainian Communist Party's Central Committee, is another House of Chimeras. Inside, you can find political hybrids no less fantastic than the mythical Chimera—a creature with the head of a lion, the body of a goat, and the tail of a dragon. Here are dissident nationalists who have abandoned fierce anti-Communism to loyally serve the president, who was chief ideologist of Ukraine's Communist Party. Here you can encounter ex-Communists who speak in glowing terms of Margaret Thatcher's squeeze on trade unions and who admire the strong leadership of Spain under Franco and Chile under Pinochet.

In all of the post-Communist world, Ukraine's fate is both the murkiest and the most open to *any* possibility. This is because Ukraine is a polity that emerged as the result of an unnatural combination of nationalist, anti-Communist, Communist, and democratic forces.

Maximum Confusion

IN THE upper reaches of Ukraine's political life, confusion reigns. The country has seen three governments in the last 17 months. One of them naïvely sought to merge the interests of radical free-market reformers, the military–industrial complex, and stalwart adherents of socialist command economics. The other two governments have stuck to the statist status quo. Now President Kravchuk appears to be a lame duck. He announced on February 24 that he would not run for president if elections were set for June. His parliament promptly, by a vote of 253 to 1, set the elections for June 26. The pre-election maneuvers are proof of a fierce power struggle at the top. The strongest contender for the presidency appears to be Leonid Kuchma, the reformist prime minister who was forced out last October by Kravchuk and the parliament.

Politics are no less unsettled in Crimea, Ukraine's problematic peninsula. They reflect the conflicting interests of a population divided among Russians hankering for a revived USSR; Ukrainians eager to see their newly independent state protect its "national" interests in the lush resort areas on the Black Sea; and Crimean Tatars who have returned to their ancestral homeland after five decades of Stalin-imposed exile and dream of a state in which they would be masters of their own fate. For the moment, the ethnic Russians—headed by newly elected President Yuri Meshkov—rule the roost, as the result of an alliance of Communists, the Mafia, and extremist nationalists eager to restore the empire.

On the Ukrainian mainland, the dividing lines are just as daunting. There is the fiercely nationalist Western Ukraine, which, like the Baltics, was incorporated into the USSR during World War II. There is the increasingly patriotic central region, where nationalism came late and so thrives with the fervor common among recent converts. And there is the Russian-speaking East, an economic and eco-

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logical wasteland filled with unsustainable, energy-wasting heavy industry and obsolescent coal mines. All this has led the CIA to conclude that Ukraine is likely to fragment.

But the CIA's assessment—the product of the generally low level of knowledge about Ukraine in the Russia-focused United States—is completely wrong. Ukraine's independence and will to survive are hardly chimerical. Reliable public-opinion polls show that a vast majority of Ukraine's citizens—including those in such Eastern regions as the Donbas and Luhansk—do not wish to be ruled by Moscow. According to President Kravchuk's domestic-policy advisor, Mykola Mykhalchenko, "The citizens in the Donbas don't look to Moscow to resolve their problems. They look to Kiev." Indeed, the current government in Kiev is top-heavy with bottom-heavy and thick-necked Red Directors from the Donbas, who were put in place after a wave of industrial unrest last summer. No wonder the Donbas finds Kiev easier to push around than Moscow. And if Ukraine's Easterners complain about the economy, they know that while wages are high in Russia, prices are higher still.

The Russian Factor

FOR Mykhalchenko, Crimea is the source of the greatest danger for Ukraine and for peace. But the danger in Crimea is less internal than external—Russia's renewed appetite for hegemony. Mykhalchenko's warnings are echoed by Ukraine's deputy foreign minister, Boris Tarasyuk, who is responsible for nuclear-arms negotiations. "If Russia moves to take Crimea, Ukraine will be a nuclear state," he warns; that is, Ukraine's territorial integrity is an essential part of its non-nuclear status.

For the moment, Russia's President Yeltsin is taking a hands-off attitude to Crimea's new pro-Russian government. But with the vast majority of Russians having cast their votes for parties eager to restore the former Soviet Union or revive a Slavic empire, the status quo may not hold. This peril has contributed to the fragile rapprochement between Ukraine and the United States (President Kravchuk met with President Clinton March 4).

But Ukraine's problems do not all come from outside. The failure to launch any significant economic reform or to slow the growth of the budget deficit have resulted in plunging economic output and a 1993 inflation rate of 6,500 per cent, second only to rump Yugoslavia's hyper-inflation.

On the eve of President Kravchuk's visit to the U.S., Clinton Administration officials believed that at last Ukraine's leaders were ready to accept IMF stringencies in exchange for billions in loans and aid. Yet, the corrupt crew that stands at the top of Ukraine's government is not likely to support such a policy. Prime Minister Yukhym Zvyahilsky owns the only bank in Ukraine allowed to have a Western partner—and is reliably said to have made $200 million in currency transactions. First Deputy Prime Minister Valentyn Landyk continues to run Ukraine's refrigerator-making Nord and Nord-Ex companies. They and their government look like a bunch of Communists from Central Casting, and act like a bunch of Communists from the Central Committee. They have already abetted the plundering of billions of dollars through the resale of raw materials on the international market.

Parliamentary and presidential elections scheduled in the months ahead offer the best chance to put in power a government committed to fundamental economic reform, including privatization. This is something opponents of reform know quite well; that is why there has been a wave of beatings, break-ins, vandalism, and kidnappings directed at democratic parties and activities. The main victims are Ukraine's largest democratic party, Rukh, and the country's small but influential democratic press. In addition to physical attacks, democratic groups are now being hounded through "investigations" by the tax police, the President's Committee to Combat Crime, and the Ministry of Internal Affairs.

Foreigners working with local democratic groups also are encountering the chilly political atmosphere. On Tuesday, February 16, while enjoying a bowl of Ukrainian borshch in an apartment rented by our sponsors, a Freedom House delegation was visited by Captain Kravets of the Ministry of Internal Affairs. The captain had come looking for me by name. As only five people in Kiev knew of my access to the apartment, his information could only have come from an informant, through surveillance, or through the tapping of phone calls.

As we finished our borshch and washed the dishes, Captain Kravets conducted a polite but forceful interrogation. When I inquired why "in a country with 28 murders per week, a militia captain is assigned the task of investigating people for eating borshch in a Kiev apartment," the captain threatened to have me expelled if I continued my insults. After a two-hour-long discussion, the confiscation of our passorts, and a trip to the local militia office, a colonel let us off with a warning to register with local authorities within 72 hours of arriving in Kiev—a law on the books from Soviet days and only selectively applied. While the harassment was rather mild, it would have been unthinkable even a year ago. And well-informed sources suggest that a presidential directive has been issued to investigate "Western organizations" on the eve of Ukraine's elections.

Will Anyone Vote?

THE forces of the old order are not confining themselves to harassment; they are actively discouraging voters. The election law—passed by a parliament dominated by Communists—has done away with party-based elections, returning instead to the old Soviet system of nominations by worker collectives. Ukraine's central television carries little information on the campaign, and newspaper circulation has plummeted amid widening impoverishment. With an average of 14 candidates per district, there is a good chance that a confused electorate will stay away from the polls.

That would be a disaster for Mr. Clinton's new effort to bolster Ukraine's sovereignty. Without a new parliament, power will remain in the hands of a narrow-minded clique that is likely to tighten the lid on Ukraine's nascent civil society and botch any attempt at market reform.

Even if elections are held, the best that can be expected is a coalition between free-market-oriented members of the ex-*nomenklatura*, moderate democratic nationalists, and independents, many of whom draw their financial support from Ukraine's burgeoning "informal" economic sector.

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Together, these groups could win up to 40 per cent of the seats. Thus, the deadlock in Ukraine's political life will only be broken with the June 26 presidential election.

That election may well show that not all the forces in Ukraine are Chimeras. Somewhere in Ukraine's life there may emerge a Bellerophon—a hero ready to slay the monster that has long terrorized the land. Candidates for that role include Rukh leader and former political prisoner Vyacheslav Chornovil and ex-Prime Minister Leonid Kuchma, a moderate reformer who broke ranks with reform-resistant apparatchiks. But even if a Ukrainian Bellerophon were to triumph, he would likely encounter the fate of his mythical grandfather, Sisyphus. So grave has been the damage done to Ukraine that it will take years or decades to undo. To help reform triumph will require America's and the West's long-term engagement and assistance. Still, the eventual emergence of a prosperous, independent, and democratic Ukraine will be worth the effort, for on this country's fate may well depend the peace and prosperity of the Eastern half of Europe. □

Nice Work if You Can Get It

JANITOR FOR A DAY

Certain officials of public-employee unions have raised double-dipping to a high art.

CHARLENE HAAR & MYRON LIEBERMAN

JOHN ALLERS is the president of School Service Employees Local 284 in Minnesota. Recently, he applied to the Richfield school district to return for one day as a janitor, a job he had held for nine years before taking a leave of absence in 1970 to work for the union. Allers explained his request to work as a janitor for one day by saying he wanted to "return to his roots" before retirement. Be that as it may, by returning to work for one day, Allers, who was 59 years old at the time, would increase his pension from Minnesota's Public Employees Retirement Association (PERA) from about $46,000 to $50,000 annually. Assuming normal life expectancy and cost-of-living increases, his reward for one day's work would amount to about $100,000.

Let us ignore the facts that Allers's

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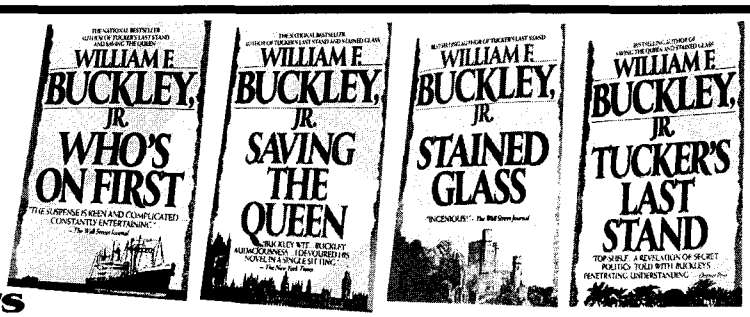

Imagine: a hammock, the shade of a maple tree, a glass of iced tea, and Bill Buckley's **Stained Glass** – the acclaimed thriller that finds CIA masterspy Blackford Oakes in early-50s Germany juggling romance (with a beautiful KGB agent!), desperate decisions, and intrigue while the Cold War rages red hot. Or picture yourself on a quiet, sandy beach, enjoying a gentle breeze and **Saving the Queen**, WFB's unmatched action-packed masterpiece where a young "Blackie" heads for Great Britain and strives to plug security leaks while dueling with the KGB (on the ground and in the clouds) – *and* nuzzling with Her Royal Highness. Or maybe your ideal summer setting will be a porch swing, in the cool of the evening, with another Buckley classic. Such as **Who's on First** or **Tucker's Last Stand**.

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wife is about to retire as a union executive assistant, earning $62,000 a year; that his son Shane is the union recording secretary at $61,000; and that two other members of the family have been on the union payroll. Let us also ignore the fact that Allers is facing criminal charges for reporting his earned salary at $150,000 instead of $80,000 to increase his pension from PERA. Let us even set aside the fact that Allers was eligible for a $60,000-a-year pension from the Service Employees International Union (SEIU). How did it happen that John Allers, who was a full-time union official from 1970 to 1994, was entitled at all to a pension fund for public employees?

The way it happened is this: When Allers became a union official in 1970, he took a leave of absence from the school district. The union reimbursed the district for his salary, but the district continued to contribute funds for Allers's retirement benefits and to carry him in PERA accounts as a district employee for all 24 years, just as if he had never left to join the union.

The Allers case is not unusual. State and local governments throughout the United States are funding the pensions of full-time union officials who once worked as public employees. A recent study showed that 19 professional employees of the Indiana State Teachers Association (ISTA) are covered under the Indiana State Teachers Retirement Fund (TRF). The law permits TRF to designate union employment as "other educational employment," eligible for pension funding. In 1992–93, the ISTA payroll covered under TRF was $1,321,874; since TRF normally contributes 7 per cent of payroll, Indiana taxpayers are presumably contributing over $92,000 annually just for the pensions of these 19 teacher-union officials. Furthermore, these ISTA members will also receive union pensions, even more generous than their pensions from TRF; in fact, ISTA personnel with long service should be eligible to take early retirement at more than 100 per cent of salary.

When it comes to the retirement gravy train, New York City union officials ride in luxury. For example, the United Federation of Teachers (UFT), the local affiliate of the American Federation of Teachers (AFT), can, under its contract with the New York City Board of Education, designate 32 school-district employees to receive a leave of absence without pay to serve as a union official. While these officials are on leave of absence, the UFT pays their salaries, but the school district continues to contribute to their retirement benefits just as it does for regular full-time teachers. In addition, the union officials move up on the teacher salary schedule just as if they were actually employed full-time by the Board of Education.

The Board of Education's contribution to these pensions varies from 10 to 25 per cent of salary according to the employee's length of service. Those who began to work for the board before 1973 are at both the highest salary level and the highest pension level; since their salary this school year would be $60,000, the board retirement contribution would amount to $15,000 per union official.

It should be emphasized that taxpayer funding of pensions for union officials in New York City is not limited to teachers unions. Local 372 of District Council 37 represents school aides and other non-teacher personnel: it is entitled to seven leaves of absence to accept union positions. The Council of Supervisory Associations (CSA), which represents supervisors, principals, and assistant principals, is allowed "no more than 10" leaves of absence. Needless to say, the school-district salaries of CSA personnel will substantially exceed $60,000; hence the district contributions are correspondingly higher.

In addition, the unions of police, firefighters, social workers, hospital and health-care workers, and a host of other municipal services enjoy taxpayer support. All told, the city probably contributes more than $10 million annually for pension benefits for municipal union officials, many of whom enjoy an extremely generous union pension plan as well.

Taxpayers are generally unaware that they are subsidizing the pensions of union officials. Alerting them would be both good politics and good policy for conservative leaders. □

Mr. Clinton and Japan

TRADING PUNCHES

The Clintonites won their Motorola battle with Japan. May we be spared more such victories.

JAMES BOVARD

THE Clinton Administration has come close to launching a trade war with Japan. Who are its trade generals, and where did they win their spurs?

Mickey Kantor, President Clinton's U.S. Trade Representative, has become the most prominent American official on trade policy, thanks to his recent confrontations with Japan and other Asian nations. Kantor is the type of political appointee who rises above the mere details of his job. One former U.S. trade official observed, "Carla Hills [Kantor's predecessor] was famous for reading all the small print on every policy document that crossed her desk. Kantor, on the other hand, is the type of person who insists on seeing a summary of the Executive Summary of a document or position paper."

But what Kantor lacks in studiousness, he makes up for in creativity. He made the evening news in January with his accusation that China was illegally transshipping $2 billion worth of textile products to the U.S. each year, including over a billion pounds of towels via Honduras. A spokeswoman in the Trade Representative's office later admitted that Kantor had used the wrong number, exaggerating by a thousandfold. (Kantor did not apol-

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ogize to the Chinese for his error.)

Kantor's disregard for accuracy has helped spice up his attacks on the Japanese. On March 3, for example, he asserted, "Japan is unique among developed nations in maintaining closed markets." But if the Japanese market was closed, American businesses would not have been able to export $48-billion worth of goods to Japan last year—almost double U.S. exports to Japan in 1985.

Kantor's misrepresentations took center stage in the semiconductor dispute. The Semiconductor Arrangement between the U.S. and Japan—originally signed in 1986 and modified in 1991—stated with consummate vagueness that Japan "recognizes that the U.S. semiconductor industry expects that the foreign market share will grow to more than 20 per cent of the Japanese market by the end of 1992 and considers that this can be realized." The agreement specifies that the 20 per cent figure is "neither a guarantee, a ceiling, nor a floor on the foreign market share."

There is nothing vague—or accurate—in Kantor's reading of this passage. Now that the foreign semiconductor share has hit 20 per cent, he declares forcefully that 20 per cent is "a floor, not a ceiling." In a March 9 speech, he warned that if the U.S. share of semiconductor sales declined, "We would move swiftly and strongly" to impose trade sanctions.

As for Commerce Secretary Ron Brown, it is not unusual for a U.S. commerce secretary to act like a shameless pimp for American industry. In addition, Brown was formerly chairman for the Democratic National Committee, and his trade policy positions at times seem calibrated to maximize corporate contributions to Democratic candidates. Thus, Brown declared in a March 4 speech: "Talks [with Japan] on relative values of currency have had no effect, year after year of negotiations have had no effect, tough talk has had no effect." If U.S. exports to Japan had not increased, such comments might make sense. As it is, they are simply an effort to set the stage for punitive tariffs on Japanese imports.

In February, Deputy Treasury Secretary Roger Altman weighed in, declaring, "What we will wait for, until hell freezes over, is an agreement that there will be measurements"—that is, promises by the Japanese that specific amounts of specific U.S. products will be bought in Japan. Yet last July, in a speech at Tokyo University, President Clinton declared that the U.S. is not seeking "so-called trade by the numbers." With such contradictions, the Japanese are naturally wary of signing any agreement which could later be distorted, thereby sowing the seeds of even greater trade conflicts.

Altman has probably played a larger role in America's Japan policy than most people realize. Greg Rushford, author of the hot new book on Clinton's top appointees, *Appointments with Power*, observes, "Chrysler and Roger Altman are synonymous. His fortune was made on them because he bailed them out when he was in the Treasury Department during the Carter Administration. Chrysler was his major client—and he became rich after that."

Thanks partly to Altman, the Clinton Administration has made a major issue of demanding that the Japanese government promise that Japanese citizens will buy more American cars in the coming years. This demand is a

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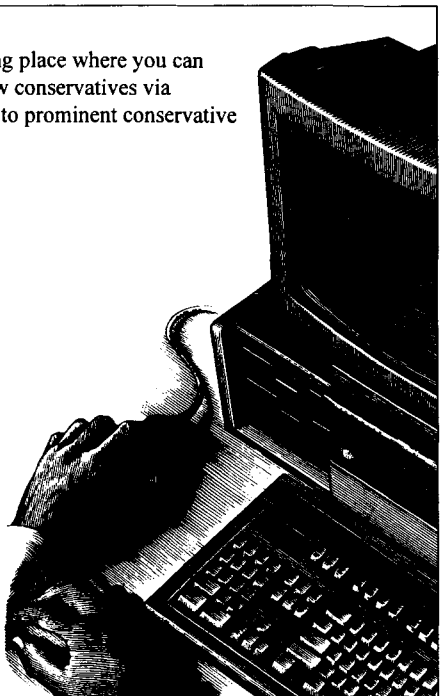

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triumph in chutzpah, since most American autos shipped to Japan still have the steering wheel on the left side. (The Japanese, like the British, drive on the wrong side of the road.) Rushford observes, "Altman's eagerness to push forward the lobbying agendas of the most protectionist U.S. industries (such as autos) has undermined the U.S. credibility in our trade negotiations with the Japanese."

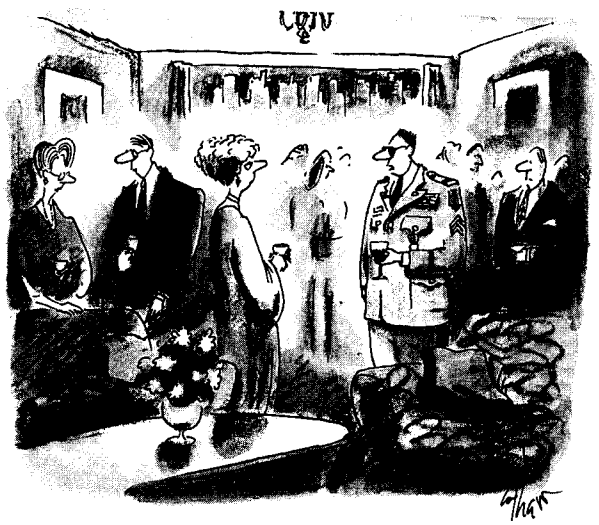
Who's in Charge?

BY ALL accounts, Kantor is calling the shots on Japan. This is part of the reason why the policy looks lawyer-rigged—with a near-complete disregard of economic common sense. Kantor led the push to revive the so-called Super 301 authority in early March. Under Super 301, the Office of the U.S. Trade Representative can threaten foreign nations with 100 per cent penalty tariffs on their exports to the United States unless they lower their barriers to imports. According to *Financial Times* reporter Nancy Dunne, both Laura D'Andrea Tyson, Clinton's chief economic advisor, and OMB chief Leon Panetta opposed the revival of Super 301 authority. But Kantor carried the day.

Treasury Secretary Lloyd Bentsen could have a restraining influence on Kantor and his cohorts—if his Commander-in-Chief listened to his advice. President Clinton's own interest in trade with Japan seems to flare up only when Japanese prime ministers are visiting the White House and the American television cameras are rolling. In April 1993, with the visit of Prime Minister Miyazawa, and this February, with the visit of Prime Minister Hosokowa, Clinton seized the opportunity to appear macho by launching into harsh rhetoric against Japanese trade barriers. A major consideration appears to be Mr. Clinton's calculation of how any trade action will affect his standing in the eyes of the AFL-CIO and protectionist congressmen.

Kantor's idea of trade "victories" is evident from the apparent settlement of Motorola's complaint against Japan this March. The dispute began in 1989, when the U.S. threatened to impose tariffs on Japanese imports because Motorola was not given as large a geographic market in Japan for its cellular telephones as it thought it deserved. The U.S. and Japan have different frequencies for cellular telephones; while the phones that Japanese companies export to the U.S. are made for American frequencies, Motorola chose not to make its phones to meet Japanese specifications.

This February, the Clinton Administration revived Motorola's complaint, demanding that the Japanese set up a specific number of transmitter stations in the heavily populated Tokyo–Nagoya corridor to help Motorola sell its phones. On March 8, the Japanese caved in to the U.S threats and agreed to an affirmative-action program for Motorola. Clinton declared victory in his weekly radio address on March 12: "Workers in the United States will gain because the agreement means more demand for cellular telephones and related equipment made in America. Japanese consumers win because they have access to better service and better technology at better prices."



"I'm not in the military, Mama. I'm a gang member."

In fact, Clinton is probably wrong on both counts. One of America's most competitive corporations, AT&T, had been working with Japanese companies to bid on building new switching stations to convert cellular phone relays from analogue to digital systems. Now, because of the U.S. action, the Japanese will have to postpone adopting the most advanced technology (to the detriment of Japanese consumers) and AT&T may end up losing millions of dollars of sales (to the potential detriment of AT&T workers).

The effects are likely to be wider still. By forcing a private Japanese company to make special investments to benefit Motorola, the Clinton Administration has probably made it more difficult for other American companies to find Japanese corporate partners. And the willingness to go to the brink of a trade war in order to get special treatment for one U.S. company harms the image of American companies in general, by making it appear that they cannot succeed without government intervention. Yet Mickey Kantor proudly declares, "This agreement validates our results-oriented approach."

The futility of the Clinton policy of using threats to boost exports is made clear by contrasting the experiences of U.S. semiconductor makers and personal-computer makers. While American semiconductor producers run to the government with an endless list of complaints about their Japanese customers, American computer producers are barnstorming Japan with little help from Uncle Sam. Peter Wolff, a Tokyo-based technology expert with Kidder, Peabody, predicts that NEC, Japan's dominant computer maker, "is going to get its head handed to it" by U.S. companies. American software companies are also outpacing their Asian competition. The American computer and software makers will do more to help the image of American technology—and thus, the long-term sales potential for American industry in Japan—than any threats or complaints from the Clinton Administration.

The Japanese economy does have many informal trade barriers, and the Japanese government has imposed far too many unjustified restrictions on foreign investment. Clinton & Co. should continue verbal pressure on Japan to end specific barriers against American products. But the best way to respond to foreign trade barriers is to maximize American productivity and efficiency—a tactic that the Clinton Administration, with its tax hikes, regulatory scams, and anti-business health-care nuke, appears to abhor. □

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The Feds Meet the Branch Davidians

A MARRIAGE MADE IN HELL

The Branch Davidians were weird—but how weird do you have to be to forfeit all legal protection?

MARY G. GOTSCHALL

EIGHTY people died in the Waco raid last April—including 25 children burned beyond recognition. The raid and the siege that preceded it cost the taxpayers $13 million, and the seven-week trial of 11 surviving Branch Davidians that ended last month in San Antonio cost an additional $1.3 million. The 11 defendants were acquitted of the more serious charges against them (capital murder and conspiracy), and one official report, plus much testimony in the San Antonio trial, have shown that the authorities acted rashly, incompetently, and, above all, deceitfully in the siege itself and in the cover-up that followed the tragedy. Yet because the victims were religious cultists, no one seems very interested in punishing this official malfeasance. As the facts become known, however, this public complacency may be difficult to sustain.

An offshoot of the Seventh-Day Adventists, the Branch Davidian sect has made Waco its home since 1935. Its followers espouse an apocalyptic vision and eschew the things of this world. Different leaders have come and gone. But they had coexisted peacefully with the Waco community for fifty years.

"They was decent folks," said Tommy Spengler, who worked at a local junkyard where he saw Koresh just three days before the raid. "They never caused no problems." In fact, before the raid, McLennan County Sheriff Jack Harwell—who had been David Koresh's occasional fishing buddy—said he could pick up the phone and ask Koresh to come down to his office any time he wanted.

Miss Gotschall is a Washington-based journalist currently writing a book about the Waco affair with John McLemore, a Waco television reporter who was present at the February 1993 raid.

Beginning of a Plot

NONETHELESS, in 1992 complaints about Koresh surfaced from disgruntled former Davidians like Marc Breault. And then came a disturbing development: in May, UPS deliveryman Larry Gilbreath saw fifty hand grenades fall out of a package destined for "The Mag Bag," the Davidians' workshop and gun dealership near the Mt. Carmel compound. Local law-enforcement officials notified the Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco, and Firearms (ATF) in June. The agency began investigating Koresh's purchases of guns and explosives.

Little by little, over eight months, the ATF began plotting a military-style raid on Mt. Carmel. In formulating this operation—by far the biggest and most complex one it had ever undertaken—the ATF chose to bypass local law-enforcement officials who had the greatest familiarity with the Davidians. Instead, the agency set up an "undercover house" across from Mt. Carmel, manned by several ATF agents posing as students. One of these agents, Robert Rodriguez, found that Koresh had a distinctly apocalyptic world view. He referred to the government as "the Beast," spoke of a final battle between the true believers and the outside world, and showed the Davidians movies such as *Breaking the Law in the Name of the Law: The ATF Story*. Ironically, the Federal Government would do much to justify that view.

By late 1992, the ATF estimated that the Davidians had built up an arsenal of about three hundred weapons, worth over $262,000. It included semi-automatic rifles that were being illegally converted to automatic ones, 50-caliber rifles with bullet-piercing ammo, grenades, and other explosives.

At this stage, however, the violations the Davidians were accused of were mostly technical. As the evidence at the trial made clear, the Davidians were buying and selling weapons in gun shows around the state as a means of livelihood. (They also ran a yard-work service, "The Yardbirds," and an automotive garage.) This was not by any means unusual in the gun-toting culture of Texas. Gun shows are a popular family amusement and draw thousands of people every weekend. But the Mag Bag was operating without a federal firearms license and had failed to pay taxes on its gun sales. Nor had the Davidians registered any of their hand grenades or firearms. This was obviously serious cause for concern. But there was no evidence of the Davidians actually trying to shoot anyone or commit violent crimes. According to Jack Zimmerman, a Houston lawyer who represented Steve Schneider, one of Koresh's top aides killed in the fire: "The maximum these people would have gotten for their weapons violations was ten years."

Besides the gun violations, the ATF was trying to nail Koresh on drug charges. In the initial search warrant, ATF Case Agent Davy Aguilera claimed that there were drug infractions going on at Mt. Carmel, involving methamphetamine production. Because of these allegations, the ATF was able to get permission from Governor Ann Richards to use three National Guard helicopters during the raid. (Normally, it is illegal for the government to use military weapons in a civilian law-enforcement effort.)

However, in the aftermath of the raid, it was learned that the drug charges against the Davidians dated from 1987, when George Roden was their leader. There was no evidence of any drug activity at the compound since Koresh deposed Roden.

Most important of all were the allegations by Marc Breault that child sex

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abuse was taking place at Mt. Carmel. Such rumors, indeed, were rife among the estranged families of the cultists, and they were given credibility by Koresh's own claims of sexual dominion over the compound.

Joyce Sparks, a caseworker with the Texas Department of Protective and Regulatory Services, visited the compound several times in 1992 to investigate these charges. Although she felt the tours she was given were staged, she found nothing actually amiss. Jack Zimmerman and another lawyer, Dick DeGeurin, who were allowed into the compound to negotiate with the Davidians during the standoff, thought the children looked healthy and happy. Neighbors over the years suspected nothing. An FBI wiretap of the compound produced no evidence of child sex abuse. And, finally, although the defendants in the San Antonio trial had the book thrown at them, no charge of abuse was included in the indictment. Yet "saving the children" from sexual abuse was one of the main justifications for the use of tear gas given by Attorney General Janet Reno in an October 8, 1993, press conference.

All in all, there were good reasons to investigate these allegations and perhaps even to bring charges; but they fell short of proof. They certainly did not justify an armed raid by an agency, the ATF, that has no jurisdiction in these matters.

Indeed, one might ask why a raid was necessary at all. Koresh made frequent trips to Waco to go to Wal-Mart, Whataburger, and Sonny T's, the local honky-tonk. It would have been easy for the ATF to serve a warrant on him at any of these locales.

Moreover, Henry McMahon, a Waco gun dealer with whom Koresh had a brief business partnership, testified that in July 1992 Koresh offered to show his guns to the ATF. When Agent Aguilera came to the gun dealer's office asking about Koresh's arsenal, McMahon picked up the phone, called Koresh, and told him about it while the ATF agent was standing there. Koresh offered to talk to Aguilera and invited him to Mt. Carmel to inspect his weapons. Aguilera refused. Koresh later faxed Aguilera a complete inventory of all his weapons. Yet ATF Agent Bill Buford, one of the planners of the initial raid on February 28, 1993, insisted at the trial that "there was never an option" to peacefully inspect the guns.

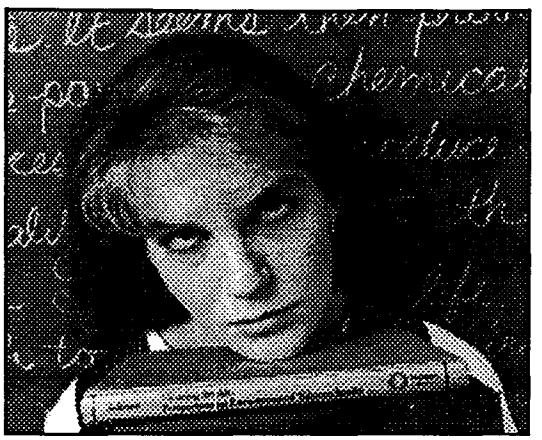
Why?

WHY THE decision to storm the compound that morning with 75 ATF agents wearing full commando gear? Why, especially, when the Constitution states that execution of search warrants must be "reasonable"?

The most plausible explanation, defense lawyers argued, is that the ATF wanted to showcase its costly Special Response Team (SRT). Congress was due to review the agency's budget in March 1993. The ATF's higher-ups did not want their bureau merged with the FBI or with the Internal Revenue Service as part of Vice President Al Gore's "Reinventing Government" initiative, which had been floating around since the campaign. They were, on this reading, bureaucrats trying to protect their jobs.

Hence, the ATF invited the media to cover the event. The day before the February 28 raid, ATF public-relations staff members tipped off the local media that "something big" was going to happen near Waco. On the day of the raid, Sharon Wheeler, the ATF's PR director, was positioned near the compound with press releases and fax machines, ready to announce the ATF's glowing triumph to the world.

Said defense lawyer DeGeurin, "It



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wasn't an accident," that the signal for the ATF agents to debark from their cattle trailers on February 28 was the phrase: "It's show time!"

Not According to Plan

IT ALL backfired horribly. Four ATF agents and six Davidians were killed in a chaotic shootout. It is still not clear who fired first—Davidian Kevin Whitecliff claims that the helicopters started shooting, and he shot back. Others claim the shoot-out ensued when the ATF agents descended from the cattle trailers and shot the dogs in the front yard. According to ATF Agent Buford, at least one ATF agent was shot by fellow agents in the melee.

Probably no one will ever figure out who fired first. But the fact remains that once the operation was botched, "spin control" set in. Lies were told. Scapegoats were named.

Among them were local KWTX-TV reporter John McLemore and his cameraman Dan Mullony. Their station was tipped off about the raid by an anonymous source. They were there throughout the shoot-out, filming all the while, as bullets whizzed around them.

After the raid was over, McLemore transported three injured ATF agents to medical facilities in his Ford Bronco. The next day, ATF Director Stephen Higgins called to commend him for his valor. But then three days later, ATF spokesmen were publicly blaming McLemore and Mullony for tipping Koresh off about the raid.

Reporter Kathy Fair of the *Houston Chronicle* went so far as to write that Koresh let McLemore and Mullony hide in the trees around the compound to film the raid in exchange for their tip-off. "I went from being a hero to a villain in three days," McLemore recalled. But none of the evidence bore out the accusations.

Spin control was also going on within the ATF. Lower-level ATF Agent Rodriguez was being scapegoated by his boss, Chuck Sarabyn, Assistant Special Agent in Charge, who had been tactical leader of the February raid and who had the authority to call the raid off. Rodriguez had warned his superiors 45 minutes before the raid that Koresh knew they were coming; now he was accused of providing faulty intelligence.

At the trial, Rodriguez testified that in the days and weeks following the raid, he stood by and watched as the ATF spokesmen lied to the media. "I learned they were not saying what happened," he testified.

According to the Treasury Department's report issued last October, Sarabyn and his boss, Phillip Chojnacki, Special Agent in Charge of the Houston Office, lied to the Texas Rangers about losing the element of surprise in the raid.

There were still more irregularities during the 51-day standoff that followed the February raid. By now, the FBI had been pulled in to clean up the mess. The ATF, meanwhile, kept scrambling to cover its tracks. In March, they tracked down the gun dealer Henry McMahon, who had moved to Florida. They questioned him closely about his dealings with Koresh, and warned him he might be implicated in conspiracy charges.

McMahon told the ATF he had never heard of any such conspiracy; Koresh had merely told him he wanted to "make some money with guns." The ATF then decided to fly McMahon to his parents' house in Washington state, forbidding him to speak to the press.

Back at Mt. Carmel, the strong-arm tactics were escalating. Tanks, helicopters, tear gas, concertina wire, snipers, and recordings of Nancy Sinatra singing "These Boots Are Made for Walking" were all variously employed—to no avail.

Finally, on April 19, came the FBI raid and the ensuing fire, in which most of the Davidians died. Arson evidence at the trial, along with taped conversations from inside the compound, showed that a few of the Davidians, probably ordered by Koresh, ignited the blaze, but that the bulk of his followers had no role in planning it, and perhaps no knowledge of it. (The surviving Davidians deny that the fire was started by cult members.) But this evidence cuts both ways. If the FBI knew in advance from their 14 listening devices inside the compound that the Davidians were going to ignite the fire, why did they take no steps to prevent that? Instead, the FBI went in with 54-ton tanks, knocking down the central staircase in the gymnasium, trapping dozens of people who could not leave once the fire started even if they wanted to.

"You're kidding! I used to be yuppie scum, too."

Moreover, on April 14, there had still been a chance for a peaceful resolution. Koresh was decoding the Seven Seals, and said he would be done in about two more weeks. Ruth Riddle, one of the surviving Davidians, even brought out a floppy disk containing his decoding of the first Seal. The FBI agreed to this departure plan; but then, on April 19, they attacked.

Ultimate Spin Control

IN VIEW of this ever-enlarging series of irregularities, the trial in San Antonio can best be viewed as the culmination of government spin control. Most of the Davidians were dead, but the government rounded up 11 survivors and prosecuted them anyway. Why were some of the Davidians prosecuted, and not others? All were to be charged with a global conspiracy to

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murder federal agents; wouldn't that mean that every single Davidian would be culpable?

There were other problems. After six weeks of testimony, with 125 witnesses and more than 1,200 exhibits, none of the major players in the Waco affair had been called to the stand. Notably absent were ATF Agent Aguilera; his boss, Chuck Sarabyn, Sarabyn's boss, Philip Chojnacki; Byron Sage from the FBI; and Jeffrey Jamar, who oversaw the entire FBI operation at Waco.

The low-level employees who did testify were able to say, over and over again, that they were "just doing their job," "just following orders," and were only aware of a tiny piece of the overall plan. In so doing, they neatly exonerated themselves—and, by extension, the government.

Yet last October, the Treasury Department had issued its own analysis of the raid which was sharply critical of the ATF. It stated that the investigation ". . . found disturbing evidence of flawed decisionmaking, inadequate intelligence gathering, miscommunication, supervisory failures, and deliberately misleading post-raid statements about the raid and the raid plan by certain ATF supervisors." Judge Walter Smith would not, however, allow this report to be admitted as evidence in the trial.

Indulgent to the government, the judge has been unrelenting toward the defendants, giving them the stiffest possible sentence under federal guidelines. Although they were cleared of the conspiracy charges, he may hit seven of them with long prison terms for possession of weapons. Defendant Graeme Craddock could, for example, get thirty years for being handed a grenade by Koresh at one point during the standoff—a grenade Craddock, terrified, put down as soon as he could and never used against anyone.

Forced to Take Notice

AND THAT is where the U.S. Government would like to leave the Waco affair. It is unlikely to be allowed to do so. Lawsuits continue to fly. The Davidians and their families are suing the government for a whopping $1.4 billion in damages.

Congress too may be forced to take an interest. Houston lawyer Jack Zimmerman and his partner Jim Lavine are going to press for congressional hearings; they were dissatisfied with those conducted last year by the House Judiciary Committee. These hearings will be hard to avoid, given the acquittals in the San Antonio trial.

Finally, the press may be waking up. Throughout, the press has tended to miss the essence of the story because it willingly accepted the government's version of events. "The problem with the media was that we didn't raise enough hell," observed Phil Record, ombudsman for the *Fort Worth Star-Telegram*. "The media rolled over in their pursuit of information and were not aggressive enough." As the evidence of rash action, ruthless cover-up, and slanted trial becomes ever more difficult to ignore, the press may finally be prepared to do its job, even at the cost of giving aid and comfort to a religious cult. □

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THE VICE PRESIDENT

WASHINGTON

March 10, 1994

Dear Rusty,

Once again, I have to turn to you for advice. This has not been the greatest week for Bill and HRC. The Whitewater thing—which Tipper insists on calling a series of possibly felonious and impeachable acts relating to the Whitewater land deal, the failed Arkansas S&L Madison Guaranty, and the mysterious death of Vincent Foster, an apparent suicide, even though I've asked her nicely not to do so—has really heated up, so pretty much all the big issues of the day, issues this Administration has staked its future on (re-inventing government, the information superhighway, etc.) have been placed on the back burner while we all try to put out the fire.

Ordinarily, I wouldn't turn to you for political advice, but I'm at my wits' end. Every time I try to talk to Tip, she gets that goofy smile and starts humming "Hail to the Chief." All my dad will say is: "Boy, I wish Joe Kennedy was alive to see this. My boy's going to be President and it didn't cost me one damn dime." The only other political mind I know is Mr. Gergen, and his phone has been on immediate-pickup voice mail for about two weeks now.

Here's my problem: on the one hand, my work here with Bill has been the most satisfying and fulfilling of my career. What started out as a friendship turned into what everyone now admits is a co-Presidency, and for that, I'm very loyal to Bill. As everyone knows, I'm an integral, central figure in this Administration. Bill doesn't make a move without consulting me. And for a year and a half now, in newspaper articles and magazine profiles, I've been described as the most influential Vice President in recent memory, and not just by Tipper.

On the other hand, as my dad says, the closer you get to the cow, the more you smell like cow you-know-what. It's a tough row to hoe. I'm trying to be as loyal as I can be, short of indictment. I've been deposed by the special prosecutor, and I guess I'll be compelled to testify at congressional hearings too. Could you look over the enclosed transcript of my deposition. I'm going for a tone of respectful, though scrupulously legal, support for Bill and HRC. Let me know what impression you get from my answers. I'm treating the special prosecutor's deposition as a kind of dress rehearsal for the congressional hearings, so if a particular phrase or remark strikes you as especially illustrative of a Vice Presidency that's both influential and out-of-the-loop, central and peripheral, circle it and send it to me. Thanks.

Q: State your name for the record.

A: Al Gore.

Q: Occupation?

A: Vice President.

Q: Sir, at what point in time, of your own personal knowledge, did you become aware that Mr. Altman had initiated and conducted the so-called heads-up meetings with White House officials?

A: Oh my God! He what? [Sound of hand slapping forehead.]

Q: You were unaware that Mr. Altman had conducted meetings with White House officials to brief them on the progress of the RTC investigation of the failed Madison Guaranty Savings and Loan?

A: No, I knew about it before today. It's just that every time I hear about it, it's like I'm hearing it for the first time. The shock, you know? Can I have a glass of water? [Sound of water pouring.]

Q: Sir, at what point in time, of your own personal knowledge, did you become aware that the President and Mrs. Clinton were aware that they had been named in a criminal referral, and that the RTC was planning to prosecute Mr. James McDougal?

A: Oh, that's awfully hard to say. It's hard to pin-point an exact date. Everything is so foggy . . .

Q: Well, try your best, sir.

A: Hmmmmm. October 23, 1993. About 11:30 A.M.

Q: And how did you arrive at this knowledge?

A: I was early for an Oval Office meeting, and I heard the President and Mrs. Clinton discussing the matter in the vestibule just off the Oval Office.

Q: And what did you hear them say?

A: Well, I didn't hear him say anything. It was mostly her.

Q: And what did you hear her say, then?

A: Well, it went something like: They're going to open up the whole [expletive deleted] with that [expletive deleted] and his [expletive deleted] and that means you and your [expletive deleted] are going to [expletive deleted] and [expletive deleted] with [expletive deleted] unless you get off your [expletive deleted] and get them to shred the [expletive deleted].

Q: I think that will wrap it up for today.

So what do you think, Rusty? Do I walk the fine line? I know it's supposed to be all for one and one for all, but with this co-Presidency stuff and most-influential-Vice-President hype, I'm starting to feel like Bill is getting too . . . I don't know . . . too clingy. I guess what I'm saying is, I need my space.

Your pal, Al

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Triumph?

CHILTON WILLIAMSON JR.

A CENTRAL inconvenience confronting all "Catholic conservatives" is that while the proper task of the secular state is essentially a conservative one, the Church is the greatest engine for revolution that history has ever witnessed, established by a Man Who came to set sons against their fathers and to light a fire that He could only wish were already raging. Such being the case, it seems no more than common sense that the agenda of Church and state should only rarely—if indeed ever—be yoked, and then from the most prudential considerations. To the degree that Catholic intellectuals grasp this idea, their politics and their theology are of service both to the world and to the Church, reflective of the realities of each; to the extent that they elucidate it competently, they are the voice of truth in their time. While Pat-

Catholic Intellectuals and Conservative Politics in America: 1950–1985, by Patrick Allitt (Cornell, 315 pp., $29.95)

rick Allitt calls "the central issue of this book . . . the transformation of Catholicism and conservatism" in America since the 1950s, its meaning clearly transcends its subject, as is the case with all good books.

Lucidly and engagingly, *Catholic Intellectuals* traces the history of American Catholicism as it developed from an intellectually cloistered, politically cohesive, and socially patriotic existence in the Fifties to a boisterously experimental and experiential intellectuality during the Sixties, Seventies, and Eighties, when its cohesiveness as a political and intellectual force dissolved. Although many factors contributed to the process, the chief element was Vatican II (1962–65) whose liberalizing reforms gave the laity greater freedom to think and act independently of the hierarchy. But Vatican II, in addition to being a response to the times, was a sign of them, so that ecclesiastical *aggiornamento* ought not to be considered outside the context of the cultural revolution occurring simultaneously not just in the United States but throughout the

Roman Genn

Western world. While the Council may be credited with having smoked out modernist heretics in the tumultuous years that followed its deliberations, it may also be said to have tempted intellectually and spiritually frail Catholics to heresy and error. As Christ's Body on earth, the Church moves forward through a temporality of its own that is partially, but not entirely, connected with secular temporality—a fact that apologists for "progress" have too often forgotten.

The 1950s were the last years (despite a recent surge in anti-Catholicism in this country) in which American Catholics were regarded by non-Catholic Americans as politically dangerous people, as well as socially inferior ones. As late as 1960, they had a special incentive to adhere to political and social opinions that advertised their fundamentally American character and their loyalty to American institutions and to the American state. After the election of John F. Kennedy to the Presidency, Catholic Americans felt less pressure to conform politically and parrot the patriotic wisdom of their Protestant brethren who were also their fellow citizens; after Vatican II, they considered themselves less compelled to take their cues on political and social issues from their parish priest and from the hierarchy. Quite soon it seemed that there was no longer a "Catholic" position on any subject pertinent to the temporal sphere of human activity.

Professor Allitt follows the development of what might be called alternative Catholic positions on a variety of issues including the Cold War, capitalism, civil rights, the sexual revolution, abortion, contraception, just war, the use of nuclear weapons, colonialism, poverty, the role of the West in the contemporary world, school prayer, Vatican II, and ecumenism. The most fundamental controversy, though not always the most visible one, lurking behind what might be described almost as subissues concerned the relationship between the Church, the state, and secular society, with particular attention being paid to the extent to which the Church shared an agendum with the surrounding liberal democratic society and the degree to which it should make itself an ally of the American government. The modern Church, in confrontation with the modern state, found itself confronting as well one of the oldest theoretical dilemmas in its existence.

The problem was compounded by the deliberate conflation by Catholic conservatives of Christendom with the West, a confusion that entirely ignored the fact that godless Communism was a direct product of the West. In the relatively unified and uncomplicated Fifties, the American Catholic minority agreed overwhelmingly with the Protestant majority that the Cold War represented a stand-off between good and evil, Christ and Anti-Christ; that the American government and the Universal Church together faced a common enemy against which they

Mr. Williamson is senior editor for books at Chronicles: A Magazine of American Culture.

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were morally and prudentially required to make common cause. Brent Bozell, a founding editor of NATIONAL REVIEW, held the fervent belief that the United States was being directed by God in an apocalyptic undertaking. In the 1960s, disillusioned by what he felt to be the lukewarmness of his fellow editors, he moved on to found a magazine of his own, optimistically called *Triumph*.

At that time the evolving crisis in Vietnam led many Catholics in the U.S. to urge their government to commit troops to the aid of South Vietnam and its Catholic elite; once American forces were in the field, they justified the war by the claim that it was being fought "for civilization." For Catholic liberals, on the other hand, if the equation of civilization with the West was offensive, making the West synonymous with Christendom was blasphemy. Only one institution, they insisted, could properly call itself God's instrument on earth, and that was the Church. Denying in effect that the American people were chosen by God to do His work, the liberals further opposed the conservatives' claim that America was justified in choosing the nuclear annihilation of the world over abject surrender to Communism. Thus two primary issues were at stake in the debate: the moral superiority of America and of the West, and the authority of the magistrates of the City of Man to conscript its citizens to do battle on behalf of the City of God. It cannot be said that the conservatives always argued these points with intelligence, let alone distinction.

On the question of moral superiority, the editors of *Triumph* were the first to see the light. By the late Sixties, Mr. Bozell and his colleagues were prepared to withdraw their support of the Vietnam War, arguing that while it was one thing to wage a war of Christian sacrifice, it was another to ask Americans to die "merely to help install a South East Asian branch of HEW." America, having outlawed prayer in the schools and abandoned itself to sexual profligacy, pornography, racial violence, welfarism, and consumerism, scarcely appealed to them as any longer a Christian nation at all, let alone the terrible swift sword of the Almighty; after *Roe* v. *Wade*, the magazine concluded simply, "law and order can no longer be a slogan for Catholics [in the United States]." While it was this stance that appears, more than any other, to have led eventually to *Triumph*'s demise, its depressing correctness was dramatized during and after the collapse of the Soviet Union and the Eastern Bloc in 1989 when conservatives, Catholic and otherwise, treated these events not just as a "victory" for the West but as a kind of divine reward for a nation for which abortion and sodomy had become a kind of sacrament and mall-trotting the most popular Sunday activity. It is one thing to argue that Ronald Reagan won the Cold War by his arms build-up; another to argue that Southern California culture did.

Concerning the more weighty matter of secular versus spiritual responsibility, it is tempting to conclude from Patrick Allitt's book that Catholic political debate in the Sixties, Seventies, and Eighties would have proceeded with more insight and intelligence had the participants heeded more closely the writings of an eminent Protestant minister. When Garry Wills, once a staff writer at *NR* but by this time an apostate in the eyes of his former colleagues—though not in his own—from conservative principle, argued in respect of Vietnam that the state has no business sending its citizens to die for its ideals, he might have been extrapolating from Reinhold Niebuhr's well-developed argument that a state—especially a democratic state—has moral responsibilities different from those of its individual citizens, Christian individuals in particular. Elsewhere Mr. Wills, for whom Mr. Allitt displays undue admiration, showed himself capable of drawing the due distinctions by supporting Barry Goldwater's presidential candidacy *and* the reforms of Vatican II. The Jesuit professor John Courtney Murray, in *We Hold These Truths: Catholic Reflections on the American Proposition*, published in 1960, had written that the divine mission of the United States, insofar as it had one, was to protect the religious freedom of its citizens; by the end of the decade, unfortunately, conservative Catholic intellectuals had apparently quit reading Murray.

Yet if conservative Catholics in the Sixties and Seventies misconstrued the distinctions between moral man and immoral society, by the Eighties it was the liberals' turn, as the reconstituted, post-conciliar Catholic hierar-

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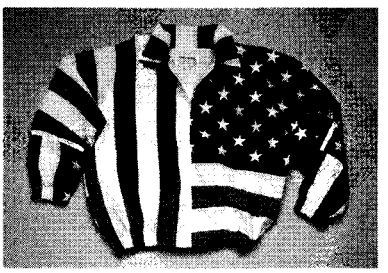

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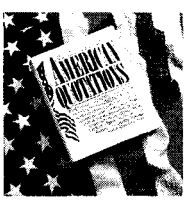

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chy in America swung into action against nuclear arms and the capitalist economy with a series of pastoral letters devoted to these alleged evils. In *The Challenge of Peace: God's Promise and Our Response*, the bishops in 1983 condemned the use of nuclear weapons as a violation of Christ's injunctions against killing and denied that the state has a clear-cut moral duty to defend its citizens from slaughter. Professor Allitt concludes: "Under the impact of the 1960s Catholic conservative intellectuals . . . divided between those for whom the political issue of mobilizing conservative politicians was the most important and those for whom preservation of the Church and orthodoxy mattered more than the temporizing that practical politics made necessary."

In hindsight, the emergence of American Catholics from their "ghetto" (Patrick Allitt's word, not mine), their growing intellectual independence, boldness, and aplomb look to have been a good thing for their Church and for the Faith itself, but a bad one for American politics—perhaps even a disaster. Yet while the effect is regrettable, the trade-off must be judged to have been worth it. □

Testosterone Power

DANIEL SELIGMAN

IN HIS introduction to *Why Men Rule*, Steven Goldberg mentions that he had briefly considered giving this title to an earlier version of the book, published in the Seventies as *The Inevitability of Patriarchy*. But, he notes, readers then would have misapprehended what he was up to. They would have assumed he was out to explain why some men, rather than other men, run things in the world. In the sexually politicized Nineties, with Naomi Wolf and other "power feminists" on the march, misunderstandings seem less likely. Although the earlier work is here substantially rewritten, its point remains the same: to explain why men, rather than women, have always run things and will continue to do so. Naomi, meet Steve.

Why Men Rule: A Theory of Male Dominance, by Steven Goldberg (Open Court, 254 pp., $39.95)

Mr. Goldberg, chairman of the Department of Sociology at New York's City College, begins with a dangerous anthropological proposition: all known societies have in fact been patriarchal. "Authority and leadership are . . . associated with the male in every society." The danger in "all" and "every" is, of course, that a single sustainable exception brings your case crashing down.

Noting and confronting this hazard, Mr. Goldberg devotes a fair amount of space up front to debunking various claims made over the years about all-female Amazon societies in Brazil, for example, or about female leadership in parts of Java and among the Berbers, Hottentots, and others. He brings onstage the wonderfully PC contention that Iroquois men were not dominant, and swats it down with the finding of Lewis Henry Morgan, the great nineteenth-century anthropologist: "The [Iroquois] Indian regarded woman as the inferior, the dependent, and the servant of man." *Why Men Rule* also takes you through the systematic misrepresentation of Margaret Mead's findings about the Tchambuli of New Guinea, published in 1935 and endlessly cited as a stunning example of sex-role reversal. Mr. Goldberg tells us that some years back he did a survey of 32 introductory sociology textbooks; 30 of them began the chapter on sex roles by asserting that the Tchambuli had women running things, then inferring that male dominance in other societies must be a matter of social conditioning. He ends up triumphantly quoting from Miss Mead's 1973 review of *The Inevitability of Patriarchy*: "It is true . . . that all the claims so glibly made about societies ruled by women are nonsense. We have no reason to believe that they ever existed . . . men everywhere have been in charge of running the show . . . men have been the leaders in public affairs and the final authorities at home."

Helping to shore up Mr. Goldberg's case for universality are a few critical distinctions and qualifications. Unlike Margaret Mead, he does not hold that men everywhere are dominant in familial situations; his point is merely (merely?) that they will invariably hold most of the top positions in the political and other hierarchies that set society's basic direction. He allows that there are societies in which women do apparently high-status tasks generally performed by men in our own world—but insists that in those other societies, the tasks have less status than in the United States. In the Soviet Union, for example, most practicing doctors were women, but their work had less status than that of research physicians, who were mostly men.

He also insists on a sharp distinction between matrilineal societies (with kinship and sometimes property following the mother's line) and matriarchies (with women running things). Given the undisputed existence of some matrilineal societies and the eagerness of many journalists to depict them as female-dominated, the distinction is critical to his case. While I was reading *Why Men Rule*, the *New York Times* op-ed page carried a feature about the Khasi tribe of northeastern India, which is clearly matrilineal. The article was sardonically titled "What Do Men Want?" and incorporated some forlorn quotes by men indicating that they are totally bossed around by women. When I dialed into the Nexis database, I instantly came across a few 1993 news stories indicating that the tribal chieftains are in fact male, and that they had given the Indian government a hard time before agreeing to permit uranium mining in the area.

Next question: *Why* do men rule? The author's answer is that men are driven to attain "dominance." And what exactly is dominance? Although it is put forward as a major explanatory variable in Mr. Goldberg's schema, I came away somewhat unclear about its meaning and especially disappointed in a passage headed "Male Dominance Defined"—which contains no definition. Sometimes the term seems to refer to a male "psychophysiological" trait that leads to patriarchal institutions; in other contexts, it seems to be more or less syn-

Mr. Seligman is a columnist at Fortune *magazine and the author of* A Question of Intelligence *(Birch Lane).*

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onymous with patriarchy. But one crucial point about dominance does emerge. Men, more than women, are driven to run things: "Males are . . . more willing to endure pain, frustration, and the like, to learn what they must and do what they must for . . . dominance, while females . . . are more willing to endure such pain, frustration, and the like for familial reasons, for children, for love . . . but not so much for dominance."

The statement seems plausible, perhaps even non-controversial. It would doubtless be accepted as true by most feminists. It is most unlikely, however, that most of them would agree with Mr. Goldberg about the reasons for male–female differences on the need-to-dominate scale. The standard feminist answer is that such differences are in large measure socially conditioned. Mr. Goldberg's explanation is essentially physiological. Somewhat daringly—and unnecessarily, in my own view—he says that if he should turn out to be wrong about the physiology, then his whole theory of male domination would collapse. Given the robust evidence of male dominance in many different societies, one might suppose that any errors in his explanation meant only that the theory was right for the wrong reasons.

Anyhow, the theory is that the yen to dominate is in place before birth. It begins when the developing fetal nervous system is flooded with testosterone, a process that promotes "extensive maturation of the brain structures that mediate between male hormones and dominance behavior." The link between male hormones and the need to dominate has been found in rats and other mammals, as well as in humans. The assertion is not that prenatal hormonalization creates the brain structures linked to dominance; rather, it sensitizes them so that, at puberty, males are especially responsive to dominance-related emotions.

What about the observable fact that some women are dominant and some men are milquetoasts? Anticipating this objection to a physiologically driven theory, Mr. Goldberg reminds us that some women are taller than some men, yet none of us would deny that men in general are taller, or that their greater average height has a physiological basis.

Why Men Rule is one of a kind. Readers will instantly sense that they are in the hands of a writer who is brilliant, enormously interesting, and utterly maddening. I found the book persuasive about major matters (including, to the limited extent I can judge, physiology). But it is also repetitious and disorganized, featuring innumerable digressions in which Mr. Goldberg hammers away at logical fallacies committed by critics of the earlier version, all of which might seem excessive to readers who don't have *The Inevitability of Patriarchy* committed to memory. That work was once in *The Guinness Book of World Records* for having been rejected more times (69) than any other book eventually published; and while one has to assume that political correctness contributed mightily to the record, the author's logic-chopping mode of argument may also have worked against him. It will certainly not help in selling his theory to power feminists. □

Class Conflict

DANIELLE ALLEN

LATE one Friday night last May, I left my thesis work in the Classics Department of Princeton University and headed home for a couple of hours of study-break sleep. Passing a dormitory near mine, I heard a shout from one of the upper floors: "F---ing nigger!" The shout was directed at me.

About racism, at Princeton and elsewhere, I was already no innocent. Speakers standing directly in front of me, in small rooms, had managed to deliver entire presentations without once looking at my face. I had often encountered the word "black" in a list of derogatory adjectives. Shopping in department stores, I had more than once been taken for a salesperson. But never before had I experienced, at least on the Princeton campus or elsewhere, such overt racism.

Rage of a Privileged Class: Why Middle-Class Blacks Are Angry; Why America Should Care, by Ellis Cose (HarperCollins, 192 pp., $20)

That night I thought about the shout, and it left me with a sensation like the one when you've got a loose tooth and you can't help wiggling it with your tongue: not painful, but a squishy, rubbery, squeaky feeling. The shout didn't bother me more than a loose tooth would have done, because I do not fear racism. I know it exists. But I am not afraid that it will keep me from going anywhere I want to go. What I realized that night was that the shouted words, however ugly, had no power over me because I trusted the community I lived in and its commitment to my security.

In this way I am not, it turns out, a typical black American. As Ellis Cose shows in his new book, drawing on many interviews, there are many blacks over whom such words do indeed have great power. Mr. Cose's subject is the "privileged class of blacks" who, despite their success in the white world, do not trust the communities they live in. Rather, his witnesses testify to the lingering anger and discomfort of black folks who have "made it," financially and professionally—academics, lawyers, and business executives who, with Mr. Cose's skillful mediation, tell stories of snubs and insults experienced in the lobbies of expensive hotels, while driving in their own neighborhoods, and in other apparently safe settings.

A contributing editor and essayist at *Newsweek*, Mr. Cose introduces us to a minister who watched the families of deceased white parishioners decide to hold memorial services elsewhere; a journalist who managed to raise by 15 per cent the appraised value of his house simply by having his white secretary pose as its owner; a house-hunting attorney who asked over the telephone whether an apartment was in a good neighborhood, and heard: "Yes, it's a very good neighborhood. There are no black people here."

This is painful to read, but Mr. Cose says we must hear these stories because "certain widespread and amiable assumptions held by whites—specifically about the black middle class

Miss Allen, a former editorial assistant at NR, *is studying on a Marshall scholarship at King's College, Cambridge.*

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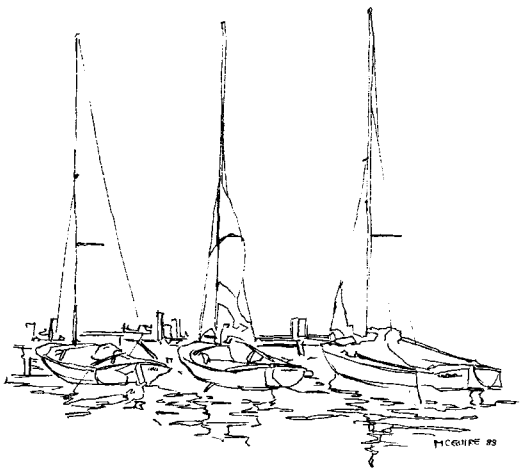
but also about race relations in general—are utterly at odds with the reality many Americans confront daily." He argues that we Americans are not yet in a position to celebrate the dawn of the color-blind age, despite the drastic institutional changes that this country has seen in the past forty years.

We need to digest this important fact: a black person living in America faces the very real prospect of insults and slights—not "institutional racism" but the real thing—just as a woman walking the streets of New York City faces the prospect, each day, of lewd remarks from passersby.

Is this a reason, though, to indict America as a racist nation? Mr. Cose doesn't say so explicitly. But he does attempt an analytical move from the particular stories to general patterns of racial interaction, and the results are less than satisfying.

Mr. Cose wants to document the widespread belief on the part of professional-class blacks that they live in a society that is inhospitable to them, with special emphasis on the racist workplace. But he uses statistics and surveys in ways that are more rhetorical than analytical. For instance, he often cites surveys comparing work satisfaction among middle-class blacks with that among their counterparts of other races. Blacks tend to be less satisfied with their jobs than others are. But measures of satisfaction and disappointment mean nothing if we do not consider, as Mr. Cose does not, the expectations of the individuals surveyed. Perhaps, following the advent of affirmative action, with its promise of lightning-fast advancement, blacks have been led to expect too much from their jobs. Mr. Cose does not address that possibility.

He gives us a great deal of information about black professionals: about their dissatisfactions, their disgruntlements, their humiliations. But he often fails to distinguish those professionals who attained their positions before affirmative action began from those who attained them after affirmative action had reached its zenith. Mr. Cose believes there is a "glass ceiling" to block the career path of black professionals, like the "glass ceiling" that is said to impede the careers of women. He admits that some blacks have shattered this ceiling, but we are not given statements from any of these men and women. Such an omission must make us wonder about Mr. Cose's objectivity. This is unfortunate because the discomfort and distrust among blacks of the "privileged class" are real, and they pose a problem that needs careful consideration.



In my own life, trusting my American community ultimately depends on a leap of faith. Indeed, Mr. Cose sees "questions of faith—of whether one believes in the ability and willingness of those whites who still control the majority of important institutions in America to do what they have not done thus far: ensure that no group is systematically penalized as a consequence of color"—as largely determining people's positions on specific policy questions, such as affirmative action. My experience has taught me that it is possible to trust your community only if you have come to see particular incidents of racism as exceptional, instead of as manifestations of general cultural attitudes.

Last May, after four years as a member of the Princeton community, I could affirm my faith in that community. I trusted Princeton University and could view a racist act as an exception to a general rule of tolerance. This was despite the fact that I had experienced racism at Princeton even before my neighbor in that dorm shouted at me last spring. The men and women in this book have not been able to make the same leap. Why? With all his statistics and surveys, Mr. Cose is unable to provide an answer.

He misses a point in his own material that may lead us in a helpful direction. Mr. Cose presents a survey in which respondents commented on statements including this one: "American society just hasn't dealt fairly with people from my background."

In that phrase, "American society," may lie the key to the mystery of professional-class black estrangement. We too often use such phrases as "American society" and "ethnic community" as if the two were entirely separate and distinct, as if one were not included in the other. In this, we—blacks and non-blacks—only imitate the "leaders" who stand up to speak for us on racial matters. As long as we think of our ethnic community as distinct from our American community, there will be a problem. We need a common vocabulary which depends upon an understanding of America as a nation composed of individuals, not ethnic groups. This too requires a kind of faith.

Of course faith comes with difficulty for blacks when white bigots lend their own form of support to the charge of endemic racism. But faith also comes with difficulty when blacks have heard repeatedly from people they respect—community leaders, academics, journalists—that the general community, composed of many races, is not trustworthy. As a leader of a kind himself, Mr. Cose has now done his part to aggravate the situation: this book will only confirm for its black readers that they are right to feel estranged from America.

And yet he also offers a hint of hope, although it is one I'm not sure he would recognize that way. He writes:

> In the past . . . one knew that the color line, at some points, could never be

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crossed, and that it was worse than useless to try. In short, one knew one's place. For the parents of today, such certainty does not exist. Yet they still must help their children find their place in a world in which no one, white or black, knows precisely where that place will—or can—be.

It is that kind of uncertainty that gives me hope—hope that, perhaps by the time I have children or at least by the time my children have children, most Americans, black and white, will join me in thinking of ourselves and one another as individuals, and of racist acts as acts committed by individuals rather than by entire groups. If I am right about this uncertainty, then my leap of faith will prove not to have been misguided. □

Remembering Chicago

JOHN R. COYNE JR.

HENRY REGNERY likes this anecdote. Last summer, Bill Buckley accepted his invitation to visit the Cliff Dwellers Club on the top floor of Orchestra Hall in Chicago and play the harpsichord for members and their guests.

Regnery, born in 1912, five years after the club's founding, had this to say in his introductory remarks: "We are especially grateful to Bill Buckley for his willingness to play for us this evening, making this one of the great Cliff Dweller occasions, on the order of the dinner given at the Cliff Dwellers in 1914 by Harriet Monroe (the founder of *Poetry* magazine) to honor William Butler Yeats, on which occasion Vachel Lindsay came up from Springfield and read a new poem, 'The Congo,' with such eloquence and expression that one of the waiters fainted."

Creative Chicago: From the Chap-Book to the University, by Henry Regnery, with an introduction by Joseph Epstein (Chicago Historical Bookworks, 200 pp., $25)

No one fainted when Bill Buckley played the harpsichord. However, for Henry Regnery, this memorable Cliff Dwellers night was made even more memorable by an encounter with Mortimer Adler, the University of Chicago's Great Books guru. Back in 1951, Regnery's young and struggling company had a contract with the University to publish its Great Books series. That contract was torpedoed by Mortimer Adler—because Regnery had dared to publish *God and Man at Yale*.

This has not been forgotten. Nor are there offsetting reasons for camaraderie between Adler, a man long reputed to be a master at navigating through shifting social and cultural tides, and Regnery, an unflinching Midwestern conservative who never changes tack. Thus Henry Regnery's dismay on that musical evening when, making his way to the special table reserved for selected guests to dine with Bill Buckley, he found Mortimer Adler.

"Mortimer," he said distinctly, much to the delight of several of his fellow Cliff Dwellers, "I don't like you, and I wish you'd go sit somewhere else."

Adler didn't, but Henry Regnery—a gentleman in a gentleman's club (and since 1984, 38 years after he had joined, a club for ladies too)—had made his point.

To a great extent, this anecdote tells us what we need to know about Henry Regnery, his place in the city, and the perspective he brings to this book and to his earlier books on art and literature in Chicago and on the publishing business.

Most of us probably know Henry Regnery best for the books he has published, rather than for those he has written. The son of a successful textile manufacturer and a founding member of the America First movement, he started the Henry Regnery Company in 1947, with the stated purpose of publishing works "in accord with the traditional values of Western civilization." Two early titles were Bill Buckley's *God and Man at Yale*, and Russell Kirk's *The Conservative Mind* (1953). Both became best-sellers. Other titles, however, many of which involved postwar revisionist treatments of pre-war history, were less successful.

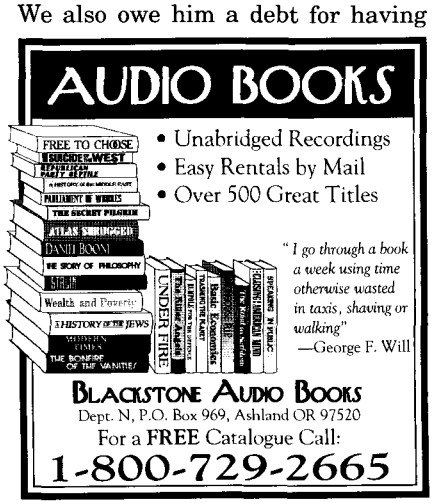
Publishing the right books, Mr. Regnery believed, was a duty. But it wasn't necessarily the key to prosperity, especially in Chicago. Henry Fuller—a great but long-forgotten Chicago writer whose novel *The Cliff Dwellers* gave fellow novelist Hamlin Garland the name for his new club (a borrowing that Fuller bitterly resented)—is quoted by Henry Regnery in *Creative Chicago*: "Chicago is the only great city in the world to which all its citizens have come for the one common, avowed object of making money."

"In this respect," writes Mr. Regnery, "I have never forgotten the comment of my father, a businessman himself, who always encouraged and supported my publishing career, but, knowing Chicago as he did, once cautioned me, 'If you ever start making money in that business you are going into, you'll probably be publishing the wrong kind of books.'"

Indeed, although for years Henry Regnery, as he puts it, "struggled desperately to put the firm on a solid basis," his business never prospered. But during those years of conservative intellectual exile, he played a central role—perhaps *the* central role—in keeping conservative thought alive, publishing or reissuing the works of James Burnham, Richard Weaver, James Jackson Kilpatrick, Felix Morley, Albert Jay Nock, Frank Meyer, Willmoore Kendall, and Whittaker Chambers. Edmund Fuller wrote, on the publication of Henry Regnery's autobiography, "Mr. Regnery was able to match free enterprise with his ideals and ideas, and for this we all owe him a debt."

We also owe him a debt for having

Mr. Coyne, a former White House speechwriter, works for a major corporation in Chicago.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kept alive and accessible those conservative texts that provided the intellectual fuel for the conservative revival during the Reagan Administration, and that will do so again when the current revanchist and reactionary liberal regime runs out of gas.

However, man does not live by ideas—or art—alone, and perhaps what Henry Regnery sees as a chronic failure on the part of Chicagoans to support their local artists is the reason he chooses to begin *Creative Chicago* with a chapter on the history of publishing in the city from 1840 to 1940. The first publisher, he tells us, was Robert Fergus, who was burnt out twice in 1849, rebuilt his business both times, lost everything in the great fire of 1871, rebuilt his business yet again, published the Fergus Historical Series over the next twenty years to preserve a record of the city he loved, "was killed June 23, 1897, by a train during a blinding rainstorm at the south Evanston crossing," and was succeeded by a grandson, who watched the business end in a sidewalk bankruptcy sale in 1900.

Robert Fergus, Henry Regnery tells us in his chapter heading, with more than a little irony from the perspective of a Chicago publisher, was "a prophetic figure."

Other figures treated in *Creative Chicago* are Herbert Store, founder of the *Chap-Book*, the first and best of the city's short-lived literary maga-

zines, and Francis Browne, editor of *The Dial*, a magazine of great distinction, which moved to New York.

There is an essay on Harriet Monroe, founder of *Poetry: A Magazine of Verse*, of whom Ezra Pound said, "During the 24 years of her editorship . . . her magazine provided the most honorable place a poet could be published." *Poetry* is still being published in Chicago, though Harriet Monroe herself, an intrepid lady whose last adventure ended in Peru in 1936, lies buried in the Andes. "Her grave," writes Mr. Regnery, "in the Arequipa cemetery, beneath the towering peak of El Misti, a magical mountain, bears a simple bronze plaque with the dates of her birth and death and the simple inscription: 'Harriet Monroe, POET, Friend of Poets.'"

Other figures treated in *Creative Chicago* are William Rainey Harper, who with the help of John D. Rockefeller made the University of Chicago an important national institution, and his successor, Robert Hutchins, who is best remembered today for establishing the Great Books curriculum and disbanding the football team.

There is the story of the great architect Louis Sullivan, the visionary whose work did so much to give form to Chicago, and who spent his last years without significant commissions, writing his splendid work, *The Autobiography of an Idea* in a paneled room at the Cliff Dwellers Club.

Then there are the novelists—Henry Fuller, Hamlin Garland, Theodore Dreiser—each shaped to a significant extent by Chicago. Of the three, Fuller, who was valued as a writer by William Dean Howells and Henry James, and who was the first Chicago writer to gain national prominence, is probably least remembered.

But also largely forgotten, and undeservedly so, is Hamlin Garland, whose *Main-Traveled Roads* and *Son of the Middle Border* were once considered classics and were used as standard texts in English courses.

Henry Regnery says this of Garland and his work: "His stories of the settlement of the West give an authentic account of what it was like, what it cost in human terms, both to those who lost their way of life, the Indians, and to those who gained a new beginning. He was there, he experienced it himself, and he telis it like it is."

Theodore Dreiser, the third novelist treated by Mr. Regnery, requires less discussion, remembered, as Joseph Epstein puts it, "both as a wretched human being and a magnificently powerful writer"—or, as Henry Regnery puts it, "a great writer in spite of himself."

Other things could be discussed here—Hamlin Garland, for instance, as symbol of the shameful neglect of our late-nineteenth- and early-twentieth-century writers. There are dozens of good ones who have been forgotten, a majority of them from the Middle West where, as H. L. Mencken was to put it in the 1920s, Chicago was becoming "the literary capital of the United States."

But we're getting ahead of ourselves here. That may well be the topic that Henry Regnery focusses on in the next installment of his literary and cultural survey of this century, with emphasis on Chicago and the Middle West. Another topic, we can be sure, will be the continuity from the beginning of this century to the beginning of the next provided by one or two institutions such as the Cliff Dwellers Club.

In fact, in terms of furnishings, decor, and arrangements, and in its goals and objectives, the club has changed very little since its early days. Were Hamlin Garland to walk up the 24 stairs and two landings from the eighth floor of Orchestra Hall to the club, and see his portrait hanging over the fireplace, with a good fire burning and Henry Regnery in an old leather-covered chair before it, he would have no difficulty recogniz-

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ing the club he founded 87 years ago.

And there'd be no doubt whatsoever that the author of *Creative Chicago* and the author of *Son of the Middle Border* would have much to talk about —and would be able to do so with a common vocabulary, and with shared values shaping their discussion. □

FILM

Hanging In

JOHN SIMON

IT ISN'T easy to make an honest film about homosexuality and AIDS, two topics that nowadays go almost as much hand in hand as love and marriage used to do. And just as a traditional love story tended to end with wedding bells, in today's homosexual story the knell of AIDS is, at least distantly, tolling. There are homosexual lifestyles that would not bring a blush to a dowager's cheek, or make a redneck see red. But once AIDS is addressed, so must be the indiscriminate sexuality that turned it into an epidemic, which, however, does not sit well with the grass-roots audiences on whose frayed greenbacks the movie industry depends. And so we get a bogus film such as *Philadelphia*, whose good box office smells of moral BO.

Now from France comes ***Savage Nights***, which, without being a masterpiece, is honest, artistic, and disturbing: instead of providing glib answers, it asks difficult questions. It is written, directed, and starred in by Cyril Collard, a writer, musician, photographer, sailing instructor, and occasional actor, who adapted it from his second and last novel. One of the first French public figures to declare themselves HIV-positive at a time when this required real courage, Collard died of AIDS at 35, three days before his film won four Césars (French Oscars), including the one for best picture. The novel was statedly autobiographical; the movie, on which Jacques Fieschi collaborated with Collard, departs from it in small but significant ways: it loses something in breadth, but gains in concentration.

Jean, the quasi-autobiographical hero, is first shown as a cameraman during the Algerian troubles, where he has some contact with a mysterious woman—the film is vague here—which may be the cause of his infection. Later, back in Paris, the bisexual Jean leads a life of, possibly infection-generated, excess. By day, he works as a cameraman; by night, he drives his red convertible at maniacal speeds, or has garish sex under bridges with strange men, often several at a time. He gets involved with two lovers: Laura, a 17-year-old would-be actress in commercials; and Samy, a young Spaniard, soccer player, and holder of odd jobs. Samy has a girlfriend whom he eventually leaves for Jean; Laura has a wise mother to whom she tearfully returns whenever Jean ditches her for Samy.

There are understatedly grim scenes with Jean at the hospital for tests, and lively ones showing him at work as a cameraman. A characteristic scene has, for instance, Jean and Samy picking up a prostitute (played by an improbably pretty young actress) who is an art student by day, and indulging in a threesome that ends poorly. Or Jean will be alone at night as Laura keeps phoning and leaving angry, weepy, pleading, or threatening messages on the answering machine, which Jean listens to as other people listen to records.

Samy is taken to M. André's, a house of heterosexual orgies and sado-masochistic male encounters, where he meets Pierre Ollivier, a man who organizes skinheads into vicious anti-Arab squads; Ollivier eventually recruits Samy as well. Alone, Jean and Laura enjoy passionate sex; with Samy around, the situation becomes more complicated and heterodox. When Jean first has intercourse with Laura, unable to accept his sickness, he does not tell her that he is HIV-positive. When, much later in the film, he tells her, she has an outburst of rage, but quickly forgives him. When they are about to have sex again, and he puts on a condom, the girl, tenderly and terrifyingly, removes it: she believes that her love alone can keep both of them from harm. In a still later scene, after one of Jean's periodic rejections, Laura shouts at him and the entire street from a balcony, accusing him of infecting and destroying her. We are never told whether she is telling the truth; the scene, regardless, is crushing.

However shattering, the scenes are artistically controlled in their violence: as when Laura discovers Samy, Jean, and an ex-girlfriend of his in a threesome; or when Samy (in an outburst of what?) repeatedly slashes his own chest with a razor; or when Laura,

Mr. Simon is NR*'s film critic.*

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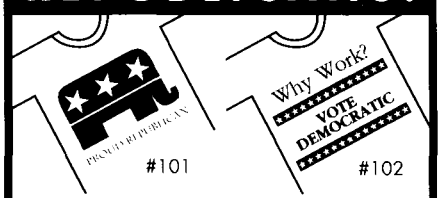

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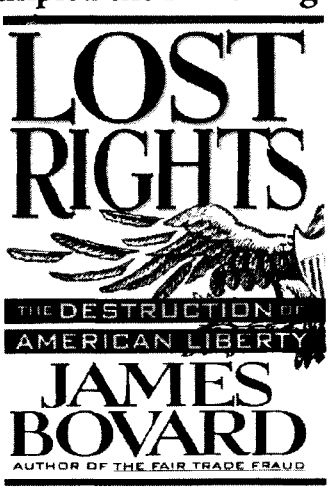

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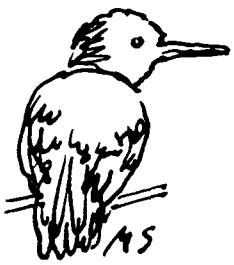
once again rejected, vandalizes her mother's apartment, which she shares; or when the mother, in an effort to negotiate peace, meets Laura and Jean at a fast-food restaurant, and the meeting degenerates abominably. Yet the film is by no means unrelievedly gloomy; there are humorous, idyllic, intensely sensuous or sensual passages as well.

Laura finally finds someone else on the Riviera, whither Jean follows her, only to be ever so gently rejected in turn. But this is not the end, either. Rather, when Jean calls her from an assignment in Portugal, at the farthest tip of Europe, they have (less explicitly than in the book) telephonic sex, and Laura tells him that all he has to do is say he loves her and she'll come running. But he can't, and proceeds to immerse himself ever more desperately in nature.



This is a scary film, but only one scene rings untrue (it is not in the novel): to stop Ollivier, Samy, and the gang from mutilating an Arab, Jean cuts his finger and threatens to infect Ollivier with his tainted blood unless the thugs are called off. Otherwise, the movie feels ungainsayably factual. It certainly isn't pornographic: these are three-dimensional human beings experiencing genuine pain, not merely a simulacrum of suffering as an aphrodisiac for unwholesome audiences. It is a sadomasochism not of whips and chains, but of sexual rewards and withholdings, domination and submission, as everyone takes turns as tormentor and tormented.

You may find Laura's willingness, indeed eagerness, to risk infection incredible. (In the novel, that scene is played out between Samy and Jean.) But consider: Romane Bohringer, the young actress who plays Laura opposite Collard's Jean, knew that her leading man was HIV-positive, yet willingly acted these sex scenes with much open-mouthed kissing. Isn't this rather like the film's story: life imitating art, however improbable?

As a study of obsession, *Savage Nights* rises well above its sordid specifics. Jean and Samy's problem is that they desperately want love; Laura's is excess of love, utter and frenetic. The French title, *Les Nuits fauves*, is especially resonant. *Fauve* is not "savage," but "wild beast," the name adopted by a famous, coloristically ferocious school of painters. It also means "tawny," evoking nights of livid illumination, louche surroundings, and lurid passions. Further, it means a musky smell; here, the odor of sex. The film with its *fauve* nights, has something to say to people who are neither homosexual nor bisexual, neither unbridled sensualists nor slaves of passion.

Cyril Collard has acted and directed persuasively. All the actors are good, but the prize goes to Romane Bohringer as Laura: a young woman of unremarkable looks, her acting, like her face, is transfigured by the beauty of sheer truthfulness. The performance is not merely heart-rending; it is also a lesson in how inextricably beauty and abjectness can coexist in one face, one body, one soul. And Manuel Teran's frequently hand-held camera seems to burrow into Laura and the rest in its pursuit of unmediated, unmitigated reality.

What I found particularly moving is the film's clenched reluctance to let go. Toward the end, scene after scene looks to be the last, but isn't; always there is more. You can feel Collard hanging on, literally, for dear life: as if, as long as he was making his movie, he could not die.

■ If *Savage Nights* won four Césars, Fernando Trueba's ***Belle Epoque*** won nine Goyas, their Spanish equivalent. This contender for America's Academy Award for Best Foreign Film is a comic counterpart to Collard's movie; the influence here is not Jean Genet but Georges Feydeau. Fernando, a young deserter from the Spanish army in 1931—he is a Bible-carrying agnostic and Republican—finds shelter in the house of an eccentric painter, Manolo, who lives in a small, countrified town, where he is annually visited by his four toothsome daughters from Madrid. Clara, the eldest, is a still-young widow; the passionate Rocío is engaged to the richest and dopiest young man in town; Violeta is a closet lesbian; Luz is a sweet ingenue full of nascent womanliness.

Fernando has a fling with all four daughters in turn, and eventually marries Luz, as Spain goes Republican and Manolo's roving opera-singer wife returns for a brief dalliance with her husband, before resuming her travels with her French impresario and lover. This time they are off to America, and they take Luz and Fernando with them.

There is much more, e.g., the sad story of the town's priest, a friend and follower of Unamuno, who hangs himself when the Republicans oust the Carlists. Manolo remarks, "He did not understand that Unamuno is a poet, not a thinker." Trueba's film is a largely bucolic romp, modeled on Jean Renoir's *Une Partie de campagne*. Though commendably literate, it is a by-the-numbers farce, as each of the daughters, with geometrical precision, gets involved with our wide-eyed Candide. Everybody profits. Rocío becomes reconciled to marriage to a ninny, Violeta will come out of the closet, Clara will seek another husband before it's too late, and Luz will live happily with Fernando. Manolo has his autumnal wisdom and promises of more visits from his globe-trotting wife.

The whole thing is simplistic even for farce, and unfortunately shows its origin in a number of dinner-table conversations among the director and his two scenarists, one of whom, Rafael Azcona, wrote some of the best Spanish films, including Carlos Saura's *The Garden of Delights*. *Belle Epoque* is not one of them. □

TELEVISION

God in the Machine

MATTHEW SCULLY

THE mid-season network replacements bring us at last a show dealing thoughtfully with religious themes. I had not read *Christy*, the 1967 Catherine Marshall novel on which this CBS show (premiering April 3) is based, but decided I should, seeing as how Avon Books has reissued it just for the occasion. Apparently the producers have it in

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mind to make this true story of a young Christian missionary a big TV event, a show daring enough to suggest that faith may not be such a bad thing after all.

The show is co-produced by Ken Wales, who spent 17 years trying valiantly to win the networks over to his idea; and Barney Rosenzweig, whose career path by contrast helps explain why viewers now yearn for wholesome stuff like ***Christy***. Turns out it was Mr. Rosenzweig who gave us the old *Daniel Boone* show of the mid Sixties, the best show in the history of television . . . Well, okay, but anyway my favorite show, best viewed wearing a coon-skin cap with a rifle on your lap. But from there Mr. Rosenzweig went on to produce such fare as *Charlie's Angels*, *Cagney & Lacey*, and *The Trials of Rosie O'Neill*—in all of which one can find only a single consoling thought: Jaclyn Smith. His credits beyond that attest to the decline of TV heroes from the likes of Fess Parker as brave and reticent frontiersman to Sharon Gless as mouthy feminist lawyer. It was *Cagney & Lacey*, some will recall, that gave us television's first outright pro-abortion plot, the kind of pathbreaking political advocacy that earned Mr. Rosenzweig a "Good Guy Award" from the National Women's Political Caucus.

No entirely faithful adaptation of *Christy* was likely to rack up Good Guy Awards, even if the story itself has just the kind of powerful simplicity that makes for good shows. It opens as 19-year-old Christy Huddleston (modeled on Catherine Marshall's mother) journeys in the winter of 1912 to Cutter Gap, Tennessee, in the Great Smokies. She has heard of this miserable place from a Presbyterian minister out recruiting volunteers, deciding then and there to go help, leaving behind a well-to-do family in Asheville, North Carolina. "I didn't realize it then," she reflects in the first of many voiceovers drawn from the book, "but from the very first moment I saw them, the mountains were a source of peace and strength to me—always there to quiet my mind and satisfy my heart."

Arrived in Cutter Gap, Christy finds a wise mentor in Alice Henderson, the Quaker missionary who sees her through the trials of teaching 64 scraggly illiterates and living in the spartan squalor of the Tennessee highlands. There is feuding, bootlegging, crude medical superstition, seasonal bathing, not much church-going. Pigs lounge and snort under the floorboards of the church where classes are held. ("Them? Why, they's only hawgs, teacher!")

To this situation actress Kelly Martin brings just the right air of aghast innocence. In both novel and show, we follow her as she comes to admire and care for these folks, and without the least bit of pious condescension or social-worker sanctimony. With each discovery about their darker side, Miss Alice (a miscast Tyne Daly) is there to remind Christy that this after all is the point of their mission. In the book this theme is developed beautifully, Miss Alice slowly leading the young woman in her faith:

> You see, Christy, evil is real—and powerful. It has to be fought, not explained away, not fled. And God is against evil all the way. So each of us has to decide where *we* stand, how we're going to live *our* lives. We can try to persuade ourselves that evil doesn't exist; live for ourselves and wink at evil. We can say that it isn't so bad after all, maybe even try to call it fun by clothing it in silks and velvets. We can compromise with it, keep quiet about it and say it isn't any of our business. Or we can work on God's side, listen for His orders on strategy against the evil, no matter how horrible it is, and know that He can transform it.

In the show, the same scene comes out this way:

> You can't help her by dwelling in the darkness. We Friends believe it is better to seek the light within. . . . That light is of God. Those called to serve act fearlessly, according to the light. But it can't come to us unless we open our hearts to the griefs and pain all around us.

Even this latter sentiment is rare enough on entertainment TV, though predictable in its clouding of Miss Alice's Christian conviction with a more acceptably vague spirituality. It will be a test of the show to see whether little by little it drifts toward a New Age Christy finding lights within, or a New Deal Christy foreshadowing the great good works to come, or—worst-case scenario—a New

Mr. Scully, NR's former assistant literary editor and a former speechwriter for Vice President Quayle, is now a freelance writer in Washington, D.C.

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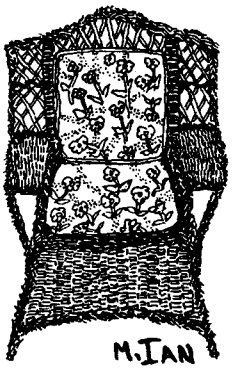
Woman Christy bravely breaking down the sexist barriers of the time.

On the first two counts, at least, signs are hopeful (although one wonders why the show drops the prayer and patriotic song with which Catherine Marshall's Christy begins class). "Church ain't fer us," says the local bootlegger (Mike Hickman as a very convincing "Bird's-Eye" Taylor). "Always been a sinner myself." Christy replies: "I'm a sinner, too! Everybody is. That's what the church is all about—saving us sinners." Later we see her go to her favorite place in the mountains to pray: "Dear God. When I came here, maybe I was partly running off from home for fun and adventure. But I think you had something else in mind. What I'm trying to say is . . . if You can use me in this cove—well, here I am."



As for Christy as frontier feminist, screenwriter Patricia Green (*Cagney & Lacey*, *L.A. Law*) sometimes just cannot restrain herself. Thus Christy's most promising math student, in the book a boy named John, is here, for no apparent reason, made a girl. (In Miss Green's defense we do hear Miss Alice tell Christy that "the work of the home is love made visible," a nice line lifted, incidentally, from Kahlil Gibran.)

Still, while *Christy* is sentimental stuff, it's pretty much the sort of thing you want the kids watching, if you really want them watching anything at all. It's sappy in a pleasant way, and given the moral tenor elsewhere on television—folks actin' not much better 'n them thar hawgs under the church—it would be ungrateful not to offer praise. □

MANNERS IN WASHINGTON

The Etiquette of Gunplay

MARK MILLER

THE SPECTER of gun violence is getting everyone's attention right now, but the real thing is getting mine. For the first time since moving to Washington, I heard gunshots outside my very own window.

In this city, that's not so unusual. In fact, when it comes to public gunplay, Washington can claim to be a trendsetter. A year ago, between Christmas and New Year's, a young man in the food court of Washington's Union Station grabbed another man he had been arguing with, put a gun to the back of his head, and, without so much as a by-your-leave to the other diners, shot him down. Los Angeles, uncharacteristically behind the curve, had a similar incident this past December. Three men were eating in a restaurant in an upscale Redondo Beach mall. One of them, not embarrassed in the least, blasted one of the others straight into the next world.

My own brush with public gunfire involves a madman who frequents my alley late at night. Though none of us has ever seen him, the residents of my building know him as "The Screamer." With the canyon-like alley for an amplifier, this idiot lets loose a half-scream, half-laugh that doesn't just wake us all up in the small hours of the night but mocks our helplessness as well. My nerves are on edge because of it. It is worse than fingernails on a chalkboard, and most recently it rang out just after the gunshots.

Whenever an urbanite hears a solitary bang, he will, with fingers crossed, chalk it up to backfire from an old car or truck. But this time a second and third came in the staccato rhythm of a semi-automatic (judging by the sound, probably a .380 or a 9 mm.). As they say, once is happenstance, twice is coincidence, but three times is enemy action.

I live in a modest medium-rise building, but it's situated in one of Washington's tonier downtown neighborhoods, sharing an alley with a fancy hotel and a museum run by the descendants of Revolutionary War veterans. Embassy Row begins on the next block, and across the street is an important art museum and the exclusive Cosmos Club.

For all that, crime isn't new to our neighborhood. But gunfire is. And because more and more people are able to say that about their own neighborhoods, gun violence has become the newest fixture in the national conversation. Actual rates of violent crime are holding steady or even dropping slightly in some cities, but old assumptions are evaporating quickly.

You might call it a drastic change in the etiquette of gunplay. One of our former assumptions held that a person didn't fire a gun in public (the Mafia excepted, but only because of their general scrupulousness about distinguishing between targets and noncombatants). Those tempted to pop off a few rounds in the public square were once shamed by the idea that they might injure an innocent, or even get caught. One also assumed that a uniform and badge commanded respect, and once a man wearing them arrived on the scene, the jig was up.

Those assumptions used to run so deep that we didn't even notice them, or notice how much the police count on them to do their job. (The arresting officer in the Union Station shooting made the mistake of continuing to rely on such an assumption. In a more recent case, he ordered a man standing on the steps of a reputed crack house to take his hands from his pockets. The man did, but with a gun, and without warning shot the officer twice in the torso, and then pumped four rounds into his face as he lay on the ground.) Each time a gun is fired in a public place another assumption is put to rest. And as these assumptions evaporate, the police are less and less able to concentrate their efforts. If ever all the assumptions collapse, no amount of police reinforcements will be able to take up the slack.

In rural Tennessee where I grew up, we all had guns, many more than ghetto kids have now, but it never would have occurred to us to use them on one another. By unspoken agreement we accepted that limitation. It was a workable détente.

But in the cities that agreement is no longer in effect. So, every man for himself, I thought after hearing the shots in my alley. Now just might be the time to acquire a handgun myself. Fight fire with fire, and, except that I

Mr. Miller is assistant book editor at the Washington Times.

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would have to break D.C.'s strict gun laws to have it, I would be in every other respect a responsible owner.

But using a handgun effectively for urban defense involves more than skills honed at a shooting range, where one fires at static—and unarmed—targets. There the rush of power may be strong, but on the streets, a gun isn't much use. To be sure, guns can be effective against would-be robbers. There are plenty of documented cases where a home owner or shop owner hasn't even had to shoot: a pointed gun speaks with great authority, and in a language criminals understand. But there's a big difference between a purposeful criminal with robbery on his mind, and the perpetrator of random street violence. If someone starts shooting without warning, you're living in the movies if you think you'll be able to return fire. It takes guts, self-possession, and a disregard for the rules that most responsible citizens just can't muster. Not even the police, who are highly trained and aggressive for a living, can make it work all the time.

In the end, the patrol car dispatched to the scene found no corpse in my alley. The Screamer evidently just wanted some target practice. But soon after the police finished their search came the tones that my nerves will never learn to ignore, the half-scream, half-laugh that this time mocked not just the sleepers in my building, but the whole society whose laws cannot contain it. □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

The Learning of Liberty: The Educational Ideas of the American Founders, by Lorraine Smith Pangle and Thomas L. Pangle (Kansas, 360 pp., $35)

THE AMERICAN founders believed that a moral or civic education was necessary in the new republic. Drawing on a variety of irreconcilable sources—classical, Calvinist, and Enlightenment—they differed on fundamental issues, yet their implicit debate was of a depth and seriousness that puts present-day discussions of education to shame. We are in the debt of Lorraine and Thomas Pangle for so deftly weaving the founders' thought into a rich and smoothly flowing dialogue. Words now over two centuries old are never allowed to seem quaint but are brought vividly to life. Writings that influenced the founders and with which they assumed familiarity—Xenophon's *Cyrus*, Addison's *Cato*, Milton's "On Education," Montesquieu on honor, Locke on the social contract—are concisely but clearly explained. Nor is the topic limited to formal schooling: the founders asked whether the Constitution itself, political participation and jury duty, agrarian self-sufficiency or commerce, a free press, or the churches would provide the education in freedom we need. The Pangles have tacitly made one question central to their book: whether a democratic republic can long survive if it imparts to its citizens no goal higher than self-interest. —THOMAS SHORT

Sportswriter: The Life and Times of Grantland Rice, by Charles Fountain (Oxford, 304 pp., $25)

GRANTLAND RICE, who died in 1954 at age 74, was a sportswriter for more than fifty years, became a national figure, and for most of his career stood at the top of his profession, more or less inventing literate sports coverage. Mr. Fountain has written an elegant book, not only about Rice but about the history of organized sports, which emerged after the Civil War, and about the history of journalism. In the background is the panorama of American social history. Grantland Rice wrote the most famous lead in sports reporting, perhaps the most famous lead in journalism, about the Army–Notre Dame game of 1924.

> Outlined against a blue-gray October sky, the Four Horsemen rode again. In dramatic lore they are known as Famine, Pestilence, Destruction, and Death. These are only aliases. Their real names are Stuhldreher, Miller, Crowley, and Layden.

In one of his many, and surprisingly good, poems that he worked into columns he coined the famous line: "not that you won or lost—but how you played the game." As will be sensed from these two quotations, Rice was and remained a sports idealist, his heroes larger than life. Read this marvelous book, a minor classic, about a more brilliant and tumultuous phase of our culture. —JEFFREY HART

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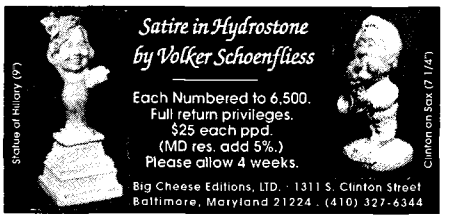
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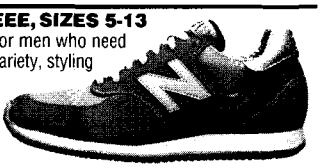

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LETTERS

(Continued from page 4)

plies that immigrants would pay about 22 per cent of their income in federal taxes. Adding in state and local taxes would probably increase this figure to about 30 per cent. Mr. Huddle's figures underestimate the taxes immigrants pay by half.

Do immigrants take jobs away from natives? Here and in a recent letter to the New York Times, *Mr. Huddle cites the Altonji–Card study as proof that immigrants have a very adverse effect on native employment opportunities. Messrs. Altonji and Card present a lot of data in their paper—and Mr. Huddle is selective in sifting it. The first sentence in the concluding paragraph of their paper states: "We find little evidence that inflows of immigrants are associated with large or systematic effects on the employment or unemployment rates of less-skilled natives."*

Is there evidence that immigrants drive natives onto welfare? In his report, Mr. Huddle claims that for every six immigrants who enter the country, one native is displaced from his job and becomes a welfare recipient. He calculates that this effect adds $12 billion to the costs of immigration. This statistic is based on the results from a very small survey that Mr. Huddle himself conducted. The validity of such a small study is questionable. And it is noteworthy that academics—whose professional reputations would be immediately enhanced if they could prove such an important effect of immigration—have yet to document a single case in which this happens.

In sum, my assessment of Mr. Huddle's calculations stands. Only by understating taxes paid and by overstating expenditures can he conclude that immigrants cost us over $40 billion a year. More important, Mr. Huddle's reaction to my article exemplifies why the "accountant's approach" to immigration policy is misleading. In effect, he is quibbling over the shape and height of every tree in the forest, while ignoring the impact of immigration on the forest as a whole.

As I have shown in my work, there is little doubt that immigrants are making more extensive use of welfare programs, than in the past. We should be worrying about that—about the impact of government entitlements on the work incentives of immigrants, on their family structure, and on the economic mobility experienced by their children and grandchildren. My article attempted to change the focus of the debate toward these important issues.

—GB

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TRANS-O-GRAM / Kem Putney

1 B	2 E	3 F	4 A	5 S	6 I	7 L		8 O	9 R	10 M	11 P	12 J	13 A	14 N		15 D	16 C	17 F						
18 I	19 E	20 L	21 O	22 P		23 K	24 C	25 H	26 R	27 G	28 A	29 M		30 S	31 D	32 P	33 B	34 N						
35 L		36 E	37 C	38 S	39 A	40 I	41 M	42 P		43 B	44 R	45 O	46 H	47 D		48 N	49 Q	50 C						
51 L	52 F	53 B	54 R	55 D	56 P	57 H		58 J	59 S	60 M	61 F	62 E		63 G	64 B	65 H	66 O							
67 Q	68 J	69 I		70 L	71 B	72 A	73 K		74 D	75 L		76 C	77 A	78 I		79 F	80 N	81 P						
82 R	83 M	84 B	85 L	86 Q	87 D		88 G	89 S		90 N	91 F	92 H	93 R	94 I	95 O	96 L		97 C						
	98 E	99 P	100D	101Q	102O	103J	104N		105I	106J		107F	108A	109G		110R	111L	112N						
113A	114D	115E		116S	117J	118P	119B	120A	121E	122G	123F		124C	125A	126P	127I		128G						
129K	130C	131O	132E		133N	134E	135S		136C	137M	138L	139Q		140N	141K		142C	143M						
144N	145Q		146L	147B	148S	149I	150R	151M	152D	153F		154J	155K	156H	157O									

DEFINITIONS

A. Belladonna — 108 39 4 125 113 28 77 13 120 72

B. Something it pays to do — 43 64 71 119 147 84 53 1 33

C. Considerate — 124 142 16 130 50 136 76 97 37 24

D. Medical plunge — 55 152 15 31 100 47 74 114 87

E. Newspaper watchdogs — 134 36 98 2 132 62 121 19 115

F. Like Scrooge — 123 91 153 61 107 3 79 52 17

G. Love — 122 109 88 27 138 35 85 70 7

H. Carried with effort — 92 46 65 57 156 25

I. Organ-transplant problem — 69 149 105 78 18 127 94 6 40

J. Pulled a boner on the diamond — 68 117 106 154 12 103 58

K. Left-hand page of a book — 155 23 73 141 129

L. Sets afire — 111 75 146 20 51 96 63 128

M. Nazi medical preoccupation — 137 60 41 143 10 151 83 29

N. Reluctantly—like a certain President? — 90 80 112 144 104 34 140 48 14 133

O. Bicentennial celebration duration — 21 66 95 157 102 45 131 8

P. Certain agent's offering — 118 22 42 99 81 126 56 32 11

Q. German-born psychologist (1887–1967) — 101 86 67 145 49 139

R. Tweak the till — 82 110 44 9 54 150 93 26

S. One in pain — 38 135 116 89 148 59 5 30

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Let us assume, for the sake of deliberation, that the Clintons are guilty. Assume that Governor Bill felt the financial tug of a bad real-estate investment, needed some cash, which he had in his political kitty, and devised a means to launder some of it and pour it into his Whitewater Development Company.

Let us assume that Dame Hillary, as professional advocate for a failing savings-and-loan outfit, suggested quietly to Governor Bill a means by which the sentence of death might be stayed, or even commuted, and that Governor Bill arranged for congenial appointees who gave a couple of years' extra life to the S&L through intravenous feeding, heart massage, and the rest.

While we are at it, let us go ahead and assume that some shredding was done of documents investigative analysis convinces us were vital, but, Pfft! they are no longer there. What they established, other than the highly incriminating points above, we do not know. But the Vincent Foster aspect puts a dark personal edge on the story, and we have the equivalent of the 18-minute missing segment of the tape of Richard Nixon, except that we are here dealing with something that might have been the proximate cause of the explosion in the brain of Mr. Foster.

So what do we do about it?

Do we call a grand jury, indict Bill and Hillary Clinton, try them before a jury, find them guilty, then wait for a bill of impeachment against the President?

That is one hell of a third act. So let's force ourselves to tone it down.

But how exactly do we do this? We are not talking about civil offenses, according to the indictment postulated above. If there was a little malversation there, involving a misdirection of money intended for political purposes it's possible to say that this might call for "restitution" as a civil remedy. But even if that criminal offense were transmuted into a civil offense it is difficult to see how all the others could be similarly denatured. To destroy evidence is an offense punishable under the law.

There are two perspectives from which to approach the question. The first is moral. There is no question left that Bill Clinton is a moral swinger. Moreover, one who asks us to believe that which is not believable. To smoke marijuana without inhaling is the equivalent of taking a glass of wine into one's mouth without swallowing it. Professional tasters learn to do this, but they do not achieve the technique until after they have tasted, and swallowed, a great number of wines.

Yet that defense of Mr. Clinton, proffered during the campaign, became a kind of endearing joke on the late-night comedy circuit—would you believe, that boyish guy with the perpetual grin wants us to believe he drew on a marijuana cigarette and didn't inhale?

Then there is the whole business of sleeping around. The progressive exposures of the conduct of John F. Kennedy have had the effect of dousing public concern over this. Americans seem to be saying, Well, if the satyriasis of J. F. Kennedy can coexist with the canonization of J. F. Kennedy, what right do we have to get so fired up about President Clinton?

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Finally there was the draft-dodging. But lots of people did it, so let's forget about it, even as we forget everything about Vietnam except that beautiful monument in Washington.

The other perspective is to do with the stability of government. To remove Clinton from office would be a convulsive political act. Non-conservative and anti-conservative. Such arguments were made in 1974 on behalf of Mr. Nixon. But his self-destruction had by that time gone too far.

The political managers of the Republican Party need to think this question through, and seek to devise some means by which justice can be propitiated, if the evidence against the Clintons becomes conclusive, this side of aborting Clinton's Presidency. □

Parched Fruit In Africa

NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 23

The *New York Times*'s Kenneth Noble writes from Lubumbashi in Zaïre, the second largest city in what used to be the Congo, to tell of the collapse of the mine that as recently as 1990 produced 450,000 tons of copper. With luck, this year it will produce 60,000 tons. Lubumbashi has become a ghost town. "There are few cars on the roads, in part because no fuel has been delivered to the city's gas stations since November." What happened? Corruption. President Mobutu continues to suck drier and drier his impoverished country. In 1992, the French and Belgian mining technicians just packed up and left.

Thirty-one years ago President Mobutu addressed the UN General Assembly, heaping his scorn on the West and announcing that he was severing relations with Israel. The speech, I recorded at the time (I was then a delegate to the UN), was the most exuberantly applauded of the session. President Mobutu came to New York accompanied by 63 aides, including a lady-in-waiting for his wife, a maid, two valets, a radio editor, a TV editor, three cameramen, a photographer, and a lighting engineer. He bought an entire page in the *New York Times* to publish his speech, giving it the title "The Flame of Freedom," and introducing it as a "Historic speech, presented here in its entirety for those who wish to contemplate its infinite significance in this time of world crisis."

A primary target of the speech was Portugal, which in 1973 still dominated

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Mozambique and Angola. A year later, the territories asserted their independence and began their civil wars. In South Africa, "freedom" has been won—from internal rulers. For fifty-odd years South Africa was ruled by Westminster. After that, by local whites. On April 27, a new constitution will be voted on. The principal problem facing the African National Congress isn't the white dissent, though it is there and is bitter. It isn't ethnic, it is tribal.

The Zulus want their own state, most of what is now Natal, and have said that if necessary they will fight to get it. The South African party line is that a secession on such a scale is not to be tolerated. The Zulu leader, Buthelezi, asks, Why not? The Republic of South Africa was a historic holding action, engineered by Dutch and British colonialists and, during its final stages, apartheidist ideologues. Why should the Zulus turn power over to a rival tribe dominated by socialist-oriented leaders? Dr. Sip Mzimela was an ANC supporter, but he concludes, in a fiery and disillusioned book, that his former party is, as the title of his book has it, *Marching to Slavery*.

Yes, indeed, it is *déjà vu* all over again. Africa is blistered with the scars of ex-colonialism. And where there were no colonizers—in Liberia, in Ethiopia—there has still been hideous bloodletting, torture, corruption, bitter poverty. What is it about South Africa that suggests a tranquil future of constitutional liberties and democratic capitalism?

The vote is still two months away, but if time is too short to revise the proposed constitution, better to postpone it for a few months than to invite the catastrophe that looms. A federal constitution that would give guarantees to the Zulus would be a diplomatic alternative to revolutionary activity. "ANC Stalinists like Joe Slovo," writes one observer, "are doubtless plotting to crush Zululand as the French Revolution did the Vendée, the Russian Revolution the Ukraine, and the Shona-dominated Zimbabwe government Matabeleland."

Ever since Harold Macmillan egged along the "winds of change," we have proceeded to mouth our abstractions, look at Africa, then quickly shield our eyes from what we see going on there, for the simple reason that no sane man can argue that Africa is better off than it was in the bad old days. Patrick Henry could say, Give me liberty or give me death, because he could realistically envision life without British soldiers. But South Africans, black and white, who envision life without a central authority bound by law and strong enough to enforce order are probably headed for as much freedom as people have who live in Nigeria or Zimbabwe or Kenya, or Zaïre—where you don't even have the freedom to buy a gallon of gas, after 35 years during which Zaïreans have had all the time in the world to contemplate the infinite significance of life under President Mobutu. □

How Mad Should We Be?

NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 25

The reporter asked whether I shared the indignation being expressed by some members of Congress. I replied that I have always assumed that major countries engage in espionage, and that it does not under the circumstances surprise me that the practice continued even after the dissolution of the Soviet Union. He then asked whether the activity of Aldrich Ames was evidence of a final treachery by America's ruling class. I replied that the rat-fink certainly has a provocatively WASPish name, but that unless one knew where he went to school, and whether *his* Aldrich was related to *the* Aldrich (as in Nelson A. Rockefeller's middle name) one couldn't make a class act out of it.

All of that was on Day One, and details of what happened hadn't yet been ventilated; there is still much we do not know. One young editor, following the news in my company, expressed vitriolic contempt for what Mr. Ames did—because he was *not* a Communist. Well, perhaps he was, but above all he was an opportunist, a mercenary. Aldrich Ames fed secrets to Moscow ante partum, in partu, post partum—before, during, and after the birth of democratic Russia. Preliminary reports are to the effect that all the agents he fingered who were subsequently executed were casualties of the Cold War. There is some relief to be got from what we are urged to deduce, which is that Moscow stopped executing U.S. agents after the decease of the Soviet Union. Which is no reason to conclude that espionage ought not to be a capital offense. Any number of civlized men and women would, one likes to assume, volunteer to pull the switch on any electric chair harnessing Aldrich Ames.

It is ironic that some of the money used by the United States to bail out Russia has been going to an American traitor. Mr. Ames is said to have pocketed $1.5 million, and most of that was paid to him back when we were not sending dollars to the Soviet Union. But some of it was paid after we began to be helpful. It does indeed hurt to reflect that Mr. Ames may well have been receiving money paid in taxes by a schoolteacher in Ames, Iowa.

After disposing of the wretched Ames, we are left with two questions. One of them is: How does one ferret out a mole? James Angleton was one hundred times more mole-conscious than Senator McCarthy, but he did not succeed, though he knew through the seat of his pants that there was a Mr. X somewhere in the bowels of the Central Intelligence Agency and that he was inflicting grave damage. The lie-detector tests clearly were insufficient. It has been pointed out that the CIA even teaches some of its operatives how to beat the same tests the CIA has depended on for security. Probably no device can ever be developed that, dispensing its gas from some hidden vaporizer, will turn red the hair of the man or woman whose loyalty is to another country. The most important security measure, obviously, is the cultivation of loyalty. But this takes us only so far. Whereas the old saw tells us that a country, to be loved, must be lovely, in fact we have lived when men and women have been loyal, yea even unto death, to such unlovely people as Hitler and Stalin.

On the other question, we need to recognize that espionage is not confined to such matters as submarines and satellites and minutes of National Security Council meetings. Industrial espionage is a vital means by which people engaged in economic enterprise keep their own secrets and pry into others'. When Chrysler came out with a new engine during the Twenties, the president directed that a carapace should shield that engine, up until it was at the dealers for sale to the public, from the penetrating vision of Henry Ford. Because Ford could look at an engine in the raw and deduce what were the sophisticated innovations the competition had come up with, and go and imitate them.

It is unreasonable to assume that Japanese, German, French, Swedish concerns aren't actively poking around trying to find out what our IBMs, Motorolas, Microsofts are up to. Some engage in illegal activity, and those who cooperate with them are disloyal to their employers. But it is wrong flatly to assume that any act of espionage done by a country to which we are not hostile is a smoking pistol that reveals the true nature of that country's attitude toward the United States. □

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The Look That Killed

CERTAIN facial expressions are embedded in our collective unconscious. Who can forget Mona Lisa's creepy smile, or the forgiving resignation of Christ in Leonardo's *Last Supper*? Who is not haunted by the visage of Lee Harvey Oswald taking Jack Ruby's bullet, or of Jimmy Carter pressing a sombrero around his ears on a state visit to Mexico? Their faces capture for all time some wordless emotion or mystery or moment of pain. They are perdurable, undismissable, in the way of all archetypes. To this gallery I would now like to add the look that crossed the face of the Honorable Martin Hoke, Member of Congress for the Tenth District of Ohio, as he prepared for a television interview one evening in January 1994.

Perhaps this is the first you have heard of Martin Hoke. Elected in 1992, when he unseated an eight-term incumbent, he has settled for the national anonymity of the backbencher while trying to appear indispensable to the folks back home. Thus he stood in the Capitol's Statuary Hall following our President's State of the Union speech, sweating almost imperceptibly under the arc lights, as a live satellite feed was arranged to beam his analysis to constituents waiting eagerly in Greater Cleveland. He seemed, then, in those final moments, a self-possessed man, a United States congressman comfortable in his work.

What followed is not really a matter of dispute. A female producer approaches a congressman named Fingerhut, who is to be interviewed alongside Hoke. "Can I ask you to unbutton your jacket?" she asks Fingerhut, trying to wire him with a microphone.

"You can ask me to do anything you want," Fingerhut replies, striking an unmistakably salacious note.

She mikes Fingerhut, then Hoke, and disappears from the screen. Hoke glances at her, then at Fingerhut. He raises his hands slightly, cups them. And he says in an accent lifted from the Frito Bandito: "She has the *beeeega* breasts."

But that's not the most interesting part. For then the tape, with the masterly ease of a Truffaut, moves from the lowest comedy to the highest tragedy. Hoke gives Fingerhut a boyish grin and . . . freeze. The eyes still glisten, but from somewhere deep within the corneas they betray a dawning, unspeakable horror. The grin is fixed, but the tiny muscles around the mouth seem to be having spasms; synapses misfire.

He speaks. It is not a whisper. There is no frailty to the tone, for the vocal chords are still those of the man that Martin Hoke was just a few seconds before. They have not yet got the news that this Martin Hoke is ceasing to exist, being drained of life by a pitiless entropic force. His last words are: "We're probably live." The hands drop. The eyes narrow. Your heart breaks.

Here, in slow motion, is the look of one tripping headlong into the chasm that separates private thought from public behavior. As you watch him fall he gets smaller and smaller, until like Wile E. Coyote there is nothing left but a puff of smoke. Everyone leads a double life, of course; we say things to friends we would never say to strangers, and we think things we dare not say at all, unless we're Roseanne Barr. For the politician this condition is particularly acute, compounded and enlarged by the peculiar hypocrisies of his vocation. He must, in all circumstances, refrain from appearing to be a human being. The moment he enters public life, the Inner Frat Boy, who exists in all males, must be snuffed out. Failing to do this was Martin Hoke's crime, for which he was sentenced to death. In a literal sense, of course, a congressman named Martin Hoke lives on. But by his own admission, he is a New Man. Although his remark, as it happens, was not broadcast live, within days all of Cleveland had seen the tape. The inevitable sequence of events unwound.

HIS APOLOGIES were immediate and abject. "I deserve to get a 2-by-4 to the head," he said. He should have been so lucky! The well-endowed producer said she had not heard the beega remark as it was made, but: "I was disgusted." The hometown paper editorialized its rage: "Hoke does not seem to fathom that women who cross his line of sight are not merely body parts assembled for his viewing pleasure." Representatives of four local "women's groups" held a press conference: "We are asking him to seek sensitivity training on gender issues." A heretofore unknown woman surfaced with a year-old charge of sexual harassment. Six Democrats suddenly announced they would run against him. Hoke agreed to sponsor a town meeting "for women about women's issues," under the auspices of NOW.

His sentence, come to think of it, is worse than death. Chased by the acolytes of NOW, pelted with charges of sexual harassment, begging forgiveness from editorial writers: even the Puritans with their pillories were kinder. This is the fate that swam into view for Martin Hoke in those seconds of horror the videotape captured so pitilessly. Anyone who has seen it will not soon forget it, this archetype for the Nineties: the frozen aspect of

"I'm not *being sexist—you* are *a little princess!"*

Mr. Ferguson is a senior writer for The Washingtonian.

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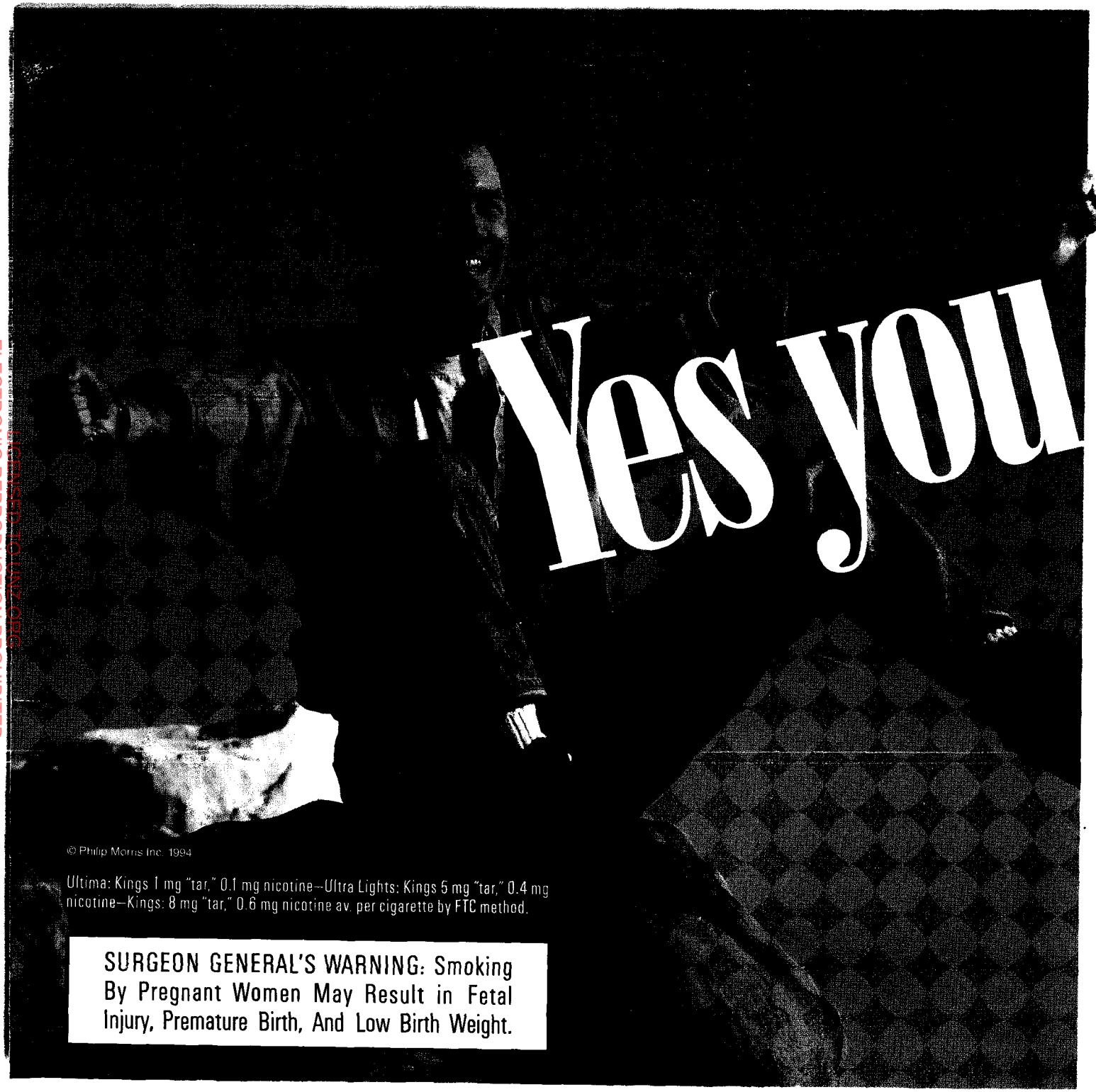

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